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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
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THE NEW VOLUME 19

Under the supervising care of President Joseph F. Smith, who will contribute regularly to its pages, the ERA will continue to bring to its readers the best obtainable in the home literature of the Latter-day Saints.

Every preparation is being made to provide in volume 19 a magazine of special interest to the organizations represented by the ERA; namely, the Priesthood Quorums, the Y. M. M. I. A., and the Church Schools, the great organizations which are kept in touch and harmony with the central organizations through the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

The general reader will find much space in the ERA devoted to literature which will keep him in touch with the progress of thought in the Church.

The uninterrupted regularity in the printing of the ERA, and the high standard of its literature for the past eighteen years are guarantees of promptness and satisfaction to all who entrust us with their subscriptions.

EXPIRATIONS

A large number of subscriptions for volume 18 expire with this number. If yours is among them please fill out the blank order herewith and mail it today to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, No. 20-22 Bishops' Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE MANUALS

One manual for class study and general reading is sent free to each subscriber of the ERA, and the subscriber has his choice of senior or junior. Both treat on the subject of success.

1. THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS. The arrangement of the senior manual is a little different from former manuals. The questions and problems are scattered through the lessons so that they may be discussed along with the subject matter to which they relate.

The senior manual contains a very interesting fourteen-page symposium on the question, "What is Success?" answered by more than seventy different persons, among them the Presidency of the Church, some members of the Twelve and of the First Council of Seventy, a number of leading people of national reputation such as Lyman Abbott, David Starr Jordan, George W. Goethals, A. E. Winship, Reed Smoot, Samuel Gompers, Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, Booker T. Washington, and others, together with educators, financiers, professional men and members of the General Board and superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A.

President Joseph F. Smith says of Success:

"A certain ancient worthy was eminently successful as a shepherd, a soldier, a great leader and a king, but in his human weakness he wrecked his honor and lost his throne and his kingly glory.

"Another more ancient worthy who resolutely resisted a like temptation to sin, at the cost of humiliation and imprisonment became greater and even mightier than any king. One made a sorrowful failure, the other a supreme success.

"A great author once said: 'God will estimate success one day.' He will render the final decision upon all men as to their success or failure. Men may succeed as kings or rulers, as statesmen or craftsmen, but if they succeed not in gaining eternal life, they certainly will not be successful in obtaining 'The Greatest Gift of God.'"—JOSEPH F. SMITH, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-day Saints.

The manual is specially fitted for class, Home Evening, and for general study purposes.

2. LESSONS ON SUCCESS. The junior manual, contains over a hundred pages, and as many stories, on the development of character, the third in the series. The lessons are largely developed by stories bearing on the points sought to be impressed. Problems and questions are given at intervals throughout the book. This manual is specially suitable for Home Evening exercises, and for general reading, besides being the special text in the junior classes of the Y. M. M. I. A.

SPECIAL FEATURES FOR VOLUME 19

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Aside from the leading articles on doctrine and religion that will appear monthly as heretofore, we hope to introduce during the new year short, pertinent papers, dealing with religious topics, doctrinal and theological, and especially subjects which will comprehend that subtle religious power that touches the emotions and lies at the basis of all worthy action. Religious faith and sentiment have always been at the foundation of great deeds and achievements in the past. We believe this to be so now. These short sketches are intended to exalt religion and sentiment, and will be prepared in a readable and attractive manner by the best writers obtainable. We especially invite short and pointed papers in this line.

STORIES

The IMPROVEMENT ERA will purchase the best stories, according to the judgment of competent judges, that may come to hand for six months beginning January 5 and ending June 5, 1916. The first, second and third best stories will be selected on the 10th of each month and prices ranging from \$25 to \$5 will be paid for these.

Stories already on hand will appear each month during the new volume. Among these are:

1. THE JED STORIES.

By Ida Stewart Peay. These are four stories of achievement, dealing with a wild and lawless Jim Ware, a sheep herder who was tamed by school and a school miss, and how he then made his way through college over difficulties, and on. Each of the stories is complete in itself: (1) "The School Over the Tater Hole", (2) Jed's Schoolin'", (3) "Jed at the Old Academy", (4) "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady." The four together make a complete story of progress and conquest in the face of difficulties, and under adverse environment. Both boys and girls will enjoy these stories. Of course, there is the old sweet sentiment, like a thread of gold, running clean through the series.

2. "THE GIFT."

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll. The author deals with a most important subject. Many writers have tackled the drink problem, but few have attacked the moral problem as openly as the author does in this strong story. The central idea, the moral and the character study rank high. It will appeal strongly to mothers of young men, and to young men who leave their homes for the first time to try life in the city. There is a girl in it, of course, and one who breaks her lover's heart, and jilts him with this chastisement, "If you did not think enough of yourself to keep yourself sacred for the great purpose of life, how can you expect so much of another?"

3. Many anecdotes, incidents, and narratives of attractive interest will be selected, always with a view to the promotion of correct ethical principles and morality, and be a force against vice and disease; that will aid parents to give religious training to their children, and promote the best social conditions.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

From time to time, in the Priesthood Quorums' department, instruction and information will be given valuable to Priesthood quorum classes, to the Priesthood, and to the membership of the Church generally.

MUTUAL WORK

Every month the ERA will contain stimulus to officers in the shape of information and important instructions from the committees on Class Study, Stake Work, Vocations and Industries, Athletic and Scout Work, Social and Summer Work, Membership and Organization, Reading Courses, Contest Work and M. I. A. Day, Joint Work, and Era and Fund. Experiences from leading M. I. A. superintendents and other workers, will appear, showing how successful officers "make things go."

CHURCH SCHOOLS

A number of teachers in the Church schools have, in the past, supplied the readers of the ERA with literature upon social, ethical, religious, and educational work. This will continue for volume 19. Choice papers will appear from time to time on the progress of educational work in the great school organizations of the Church, and on religious, economic and social questions.

MISCELLANEOUS WORK

The ERA is open continually to new writers who have messages to deliver to the people, and it seeks to encourage the growth and development of literature in our community.

SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW

Subscribers who have carefully read volume 18 will readily understand that there are many attractive articles that cannot be named in advance. The ERA is looking for the best home literature that can be obtained to present to its readers. With its 1,200 pages of best reading matter, and 300 to 400 illustrations, the ERA makes a volume not only of current interest but of historical and doctrinal value.

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VOLUME EIGHTEEN

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HEBER J. GRANT, MANAGER, MORONI SNOW, ASSISTANT MANAGER
1915

The Glory of God is Intelligence

IMPROVEMENT ERA, VOLUME XVIII

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"The morning breaks, the shadows flee."

"Perhaps worthy of a special notice in the picture is the immense old willow shown on the left hand. This is certainly a very aged tree, and a land-mark. It must have been noticed time and again by the boy who was to become so famous. The house in which Joseph Smith lived would be to our back as we look upon the hill from the point of the picture. As a youth perhaps Joseph made many a short cut across the meadow shown in the foreground; first springing over the old stone wall, the ruins of which are shown close by; or, if he pursued the road between the stone wall and the fence in the middle distance, then he may have rested, as undoubtedly he did, in the shadow of the old tree itself, and drank, mayhap, of the little stream that wanders by. On every hand are objects of interest in connection with, and reminiscent of, the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."—A. L.



THE HILL CUMORAH
From a Painting by Alfred Lambourne

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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OCTOBER, 1915

No. 12.

The Temptation of Christ

BY J. E. HICKMAN, A. M.

The coming of the Savior into the world was earth's proudest legacy. His first pallet was made with the cattle; his death couch was in the sepulchre of the rich. Though his early life is shrouded with the silence of unwritten history, yet the ages guard jealously his name. Were that once to fade from memory man would lose the only name by which salvation is secured. Though his life rings with vibrant interest from cry to cry—from the first breath to the final groan—yet two events stand out as pivotal points on which man's chances of redemption rest. They are the Temptation and the Crucifixion. Should the Christ have turned aside through temptation or weakness in the hour of torture and death, what would have been the fate of man whose redemption rested in his hands?

It is the purpose of this theme to discuss the Temptation of our Savior, beside which all other temptations pale into insignificance. When I am tested, the fate of one is held in the balance; on the fate of the Messiah rested the fate of worlds. The arrest or death of the private soldier in the ranks means the lessening of the battle forces by but one; but when the commander-in-chief lies prostrate in the enemy's camp, consternation and defeat seize his disconsolate and fleeing soldiers; fear meets them in their aimless flight, clutching at them like the phantom hand of a spectre, chilling them to the bone and sowing their power to the winds. Such is the chill that pierces us when we contemplate the possibility of failure by the Captain of our Salvation.

The scriptures say that when Jesus was baptized he was led up of the Spirit, or "driven," as Mark says, into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. We shall perhaps never know the full meaning of that simple statement. Like all who have received the endowment of the Holy Ghost, he became the storm center of

temptation by the opposing power; for when men are endowed with the Holy Spirit they at once become the greatest menace to Lucifer's kingdom, or the choicest prizes if captured.

Tradition fixes the scene of the Temptation on a mountain south of Jericho. It rises from the livid plain, sterile and forbidding—naked and arid like a mountain of malediction. From this height Jesus could view the waters of the dead sea which typified the fallen world. What must have been his feelings when he viewed the land which had been, and was yet to be, the theater of the world's greatest tragedies! There alone he walked amidst the beasts of quarantine, whose howls made the night hideous and completed the desolation about him. At his approach, they forgot their hunger; their ferocity, like a dissolving view, mellowed into half fear and half passivity. They read a wordless meaning in his presence; Lucifer could not fill them with rage, for it was not given him to tempt them,—the human heart alone is his battle ground. Well might their sentient souls have felt a bewilderment, for on that mountain the forces of heaven and hell were turning their gaze because the two brothers were there; their powers and their followers were being weighed in the balance. The one, half deadened through mortality, struggling for the mastery of the universe, trembled before his mission; the other, proud and sullen, with folded arms, waited his time. He knew his line of action; his plans were crystallized, tested, tried, and triumphant upon whomsoever he had laid them.

It is said that after Jesus had fasted forty days he was an hungered. How keen the pangs of starvation we shall never know. He must have been at the point of famishing or the greatest test was not yet made. The hour had come to strike. Every spirit throughout the limitless empires was intense with fear and hope. The two brothers were about to meet—the one starving and trembling, was at his weakest point, proving himself to be worthy of being the Savior of the world; the other, Lucifer, the star of the morning, though defeated in heaven, was now at the height of his glory; the prince of earth, with all nations at his feet. The Temptation is at hand. Lucifer, fearing yet eager, has long prepared and waited for this event. It was a moment when the forces of battle were halted while a duel was to be fought between the generals of eternity. To even dimly conceive the awfulness of the scene, one must marshal his powers of imagination.

What hope had Lucifer that he could defeat the Messiah? It was his only hope, for mortality is the realm of temptation—a sphere where the past is wiped from the soul's tablets; the future is vague, and man must act now through the great impulse of his primeval career, aided or repelled, with the impulses from the two unseen worlds. The Shiloh could not hope to be as powerful on

earth with limited power and intelligence—limited as compared to his limitless vision while championing his cause in heaven. Even then, Satan, son of the morning, withstood Jehovah and Elohim, drawing away one-third of the hosts of heaven. What might not be his success in a hand-to-hand conflict with Jehovah now confined in mortality? Lucifer had reason for hope. Had he not deceived our first parents, sent most of their children out into an empty world, hating God; had he not once plunged all the human race, except eight souls, into deadening sin until God cleansed the earth with the deluge? Even then Lucifer toyed with the survivors in the hour of temptation. We see Noah lying drunk with the wine of his own vineyard, and we see Ham festering with sensual morbidity. Should the tempter not have been assured, since the past numbered untold victims of his power? The patriarchs of the twelve tribes of Israel were brought low through temptation. Moses was shut out of the Promised Land because pride had swept him from his feet. We hear David crying for forgiveness; we see Solomon following the allurements of vanity; we hear Lehi complaining against his God. These were God's prophets, leaders of Israel, and men after his own heart.

With such assurances, Lucifer met with bold determination the Messiah. If Lucifer could lead his brother captive, then the victory of heaven and earth were vouchsafed unto him. If he failed, then all was lost, for the Prince of Peace would eventually wrench from the devil his last hold upon man. He keenly realized that and prepared to test Immanuel with the most alluring temptations the world had ever known. The mission was so vital that he conducted the temptation himself.

The myriad phases by which we might be tempted may be divided into three: the temptations of the flesh (the physical); the temptations of pride; and finally, the temptation of power, dominion, opulence, glory. These were in turn presented before the Lamb of God. The scriptures say that Jesus was tempted of the devil. "Temptation can imply nothing less than the possibility of a fall." Why this temptation if it was not a struggle with an element of doubt, with an almost illimitable stress and strain of human-god endurance? The greater the mind the greater the temptation offered. Remember that trials, mastered, mean added power of resistance; they are the installed engines from the power-house of the soul. If the temptation prevails, it is a literal dynamiting of the soul's flimsy shacks, erected in the dead calm of life's untroubled days.

The scriptures have stripped the tragic temptation of every element of its awfulness and grandeur. What allurements were brought to bear upon, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," are veiled with the unwritten. But this is assured, that the temptation must have been couched in the

most subtle allurements that thought and persuasion could command. Otherwise the temptation would have been a mockery rather than an alluring seduction. Mark you, this serial temptation meant everything to countless millions. If there is to be had a more feasible way of presenting this first temptation it must be had. If there is a more hidden subtleness which would touch the tempted, it must be presented. So we may be assured that the temptation was vastly more diplomatic than the formal utterance of those words. Temptations are the keenest when the soul is thirsting for the thing presented. When the possible power is within our grasp; fire this longing with the presence of the tempter, with real or pretended love, either must be clothed with the garb of sincerity, and the temptation is almost invincible.

Remember our Savior was at the point of starvation; remember he possessed the power to turn stones to bread; remember, too, the brother longing to wrest the Messianic power from Jehovah, appeared upon the scene to personally conduct the temptation. The diplomacy of the moment brought the hush of unspeakable interest, but no sooner had the temptation come than it was swept back with, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This was the physical temptation. The longing for food at the hour of starvation is the greatest physical test known. So terrific is it that men will gnaw the putrid flesh from the bones of their fellow men. In the hour of starvation mothers have been known to kill and eat their own children. But though he had the power, Christ could not be tempted to turn stones into bread to satisfy his hunger. The hour for him to eat had not come, and to have used his Messianic power in this moment of temptation meant defeat.

The first temptation is now passed. What must have been the subdued excitement as eternities gazed on in silence. What must have been Lucifer's feelings when he was checkmated and stung by the quotation of the law which, in his ambition to rule, he had trampled under his feet. The temptation was flung back as the roaring billows are hurled from the adamantine cliffs; but though the cliff resists the wave, every molecule in it vibrates, and a mighty tremor sweeps through it from summit to base.

Temptation and fall, through the appetites and passions, count their millions. The temptation of drink and deadly opiates dashes out the possibility of hope and progress from millions of every generation; through bowing to the first and lowest of all allurements, our appetites, the penitentiaries and asylums are filled with the victims of the devil's power. They flood the earth also with blighted offspring—cripples, idiots, epileptics, and insane. He who falls through the first temptation has little chance to be greatly tempted by the higher. It is through physical temptation that our youth are imprisoned—blighted—and are found with

those who wail and gnash their teeth. Greatness is seldom caught and held in the grip of physical temptation; through the resistance of the appetites greatness is made possible.

It is written that after the first temptation was over, Jesus was taken and placed on the pinnacle of the temple. Just how this was accomplished is not plain. Whether Jesus was met there by the tempter while he was viewing the great city of Jerusalem and the country from afar, or whether Lucifer carried him there in triumph to show the Messiah his vast power, is still a matter of doubt. But be it as it may, the most subtle way known was taken advantage of. Again came, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." The scripture leaves us with but the cold, formal utterance. What converse and what alluring, tempting utterances were made which might stir the heart to comply with the request, we are not told. This temptation must, if possible, be more cunning and subtle than the first. The tempter must put forth deeper reasons and more telling arguments. Did Lucifer urge that he believed Jesus to be the Messiah; and, if so he wished to be sure of it; and, if certain, he would herald Jesus' advent into the world and also worship him? Was it after the most diplomatic argument and burning impress that he suggested and urged the Nazarene to test his Messiahship by casting himself down from the pinnacle? For if he be the Son of God, it was written—and Jesus could not doubt the certainty of the scriptures—that God's angels should bear him up lest at any time he should dash his foot against a stone. What was the personal attitude of the tempter? Did he stand with outstretched hands appealing to the Savior's pride while Lucifer's countenance fairly beamed with anticipation? Shall Christ now reveal his power to test his assurances from angels or spiritual endowments? Shall he prove to the tempter, who is appearing as an angel of light, that truly he is the Immanuel? Or shall he withhold the demonstration of his power; and, by so doing, seemingly show cowardice and doubt? Should his pride be stung by jeer and taunt as he looked down to the stony street far below?

Swift as the northern lights came the reply: "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." When the test was over, was the Nazarene exhausted with the temptation, and did he lean heavily upon the pinnacle as Moses lay helpless upon the tumbled crags of stones on Sinai's heights? I can see him standing with dignity facing the enemy of the race, calm and unmoved.

Satan proved himself a scriptorian, but each time the Christ defeated him with quotations from the law-book (Deuteronomy, 8:6; 6:16). The second temptation is also futile—the temptation which had ensnared prophets, kings and nations.

From the dawn of history we read of nations spilling their life's blood because pride was wounded; nations risking all to

wipe out an insult. It is said that pride goeth before a fall—aye, more, it makes possible the fall. Pride spurs men on to live beyond their means; they suffer hunger, bodily affliction, to satisfy pride. Sons and daughters plunge their parents into helpless debt through the false pride of dress. Many a youth has walked into the blighting habit of tobacco, drink, and other vices because he could not endure the jeers of companions. Pride drags the mighty from their pedestals of honor even when the temptations of the body have been trampled under their feet. The Messiah swept all aside and stung the destroyer of nations by hurling back at him the very laws he himself had broken. Pride had dragged Lucifer from the realms of Gods to the plane of the damned. He had not only not lived by every word that had proceeded from the mouth of God, but he had asked for Elohim's glory.

When the second temptation was tested and lost, I can conceive Lucifer's hosts half starting with clenched hands and bated breath. What means this alarm? Do they see defeat ahead? Shall their king be bound and their kingdoms torn from them? Shall the tests of the centuries fail? There is one more left, and but one. It has never been offered to any of earth's children and shall never be offered again. This temptation shall not, must not fail. It must now be offered, for all other allurements fell powerless and lay broken and dead at the feet of the Savior. As must have been agreed upon centuries before, that if everything else failed, the entire earth and her conquered kingdoms should be offered to the carpenter's son should he bow in reverence to Lucifer—the prince of the earth. In this crucial moment swords should be sheathed; hell's forces should be withdrawn and the conquests of æons were to be offered for one sentence of homage from the lowly Nazarene. Lucifer was desperate, the smouldering hatred and the memories of the fatal religio-political war of heaven stirred him to fevered tension. Though the father of lies, he must for once be truthful—no trickery can be risked—for the Messianic intelligence would pierce the very shadow of deception and the temptation would be gone. For once, he must be the proclaimer of truth.

What think you? Was this tragedy enacted in a corner: were the unseen worlds ignorant of this scene? No; Lucifer's kingdom was being weighed in the balance. He had dragged millions into degradation and idolatrous worship who were once valiant in the heavens for God's cause. He had even led, with silken cords, God's chosen Israel from Jehovah's laws. The very eternal God had come to earth to dispel the darkness that covered the earth and lead his people back to him. The test is now on; shall he, like many of his faithful followers, weaken at the hour when his vision is blurred and reason confused in the maelstrom of conflicting emotions and lurid temptations? Could the primeval in-

habitants rest secure and indifferent to the results? Though we may have been morally sure of the results, yet we were none the less interested in the conflict. The Gods left their thrones, archangels quit their posts of duty, while we gazed on in hushed amazement. Lucifer's hosts stood banked in the heavens, tier upon tier, hoping yet fearing, silent, trembling. In the midst of this awful hush the Messiah is swept to the top of an exceeding high mountain; and, in a moment of time, he is shown, in panoramic view, the entire earth and her kingdoms of glory. These are offered to Jesus if he will fall down and worship Satan.

Were these Lucifer's to give? If not, what was intended to be the greatest temptation which was ever known to the human race, would be a cheap deception with no power behind it. But sad as it may appear, the kingdoms of this earth had all, through conquests, become the kingdoms of the devil. This Christ acknowledged on various occasions. He came because Lucifer had conquered the world which was to be Christ's and his followers. He therefore entered mortality to redeem the inhabitants and lead them back to Elohim, to their former loves and covenants.

This great vision of proffered kingdoms, without conquest, "flashed before the Messiah as in a mirror under the dazzling light of temptation." Did Lucifer pale at the thought of offering all of his conquests? Yet, to be rejected would be a defeat as fatal as his defeat in heaven.

Stand with me in fancy's realm and picture the scene anew; the two brothers are face to face, the one holding the kingdoms of the earth as his own; the other come to redeem them from their enslaved condition. Lucifer not only claimed the earth and her inhabitants, but he held them in the bondage of ignorance and superstition. The Roman and Greek empires knew not God; they worshiped springs, groves, and fancied gods, and their crimes were surpassed only by their false worship. The Egyptians worshiped the sun, cats, crocodiles, the bull, and the Nile; the Chinese had their pantheistic gods, and Confucius taught that it was well to respect them but not allow them to become too familiar with the people. The savage tribes in the north, south, east and west were helplessly bound in ignorance and superstition. The Hebrew race had gone astray; so low had they fallen that in three short years they were to crucify the God of the universe. The once choice Nephite nation was steeped in murder and kindred crimes, with a hatred of the prophets and the Scriptures. All nations were at Lucifer's feet save here and there scattered individuals who called upon God for light and protection. As he showed the Nazarene "all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time," the devil said: "All this power will I give unto thee and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it." Mark you, in all the temptations proposed, Jesus does

not deny the truthfulness of the devil's utterances. I believe he spoke the truth, asked no impossible thing, offered that which was his, all of which the Christ virtually admitted by not denying them; but on each occasion gave his reasons for not accepting them.

Picture, if you can, the prince of this world offering all for worship; a God weighs the proffered gift; to accept it would mean debasement; to prostitute himself at the feet of him who was cast out of heaven for rebellion, would be ignominious. As Lucifer left the kingdom from on high he swore an oath that chilled the eternities. He said, "I will ascend into the heavens, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: * * * I will be like the Most High."

I say to accept the earth and her fallen kingdoms as proffered meant the bowing to compromise; to reject, meant his crucifixion and the drenching of the earth by the blood of millions of his followers. I can conceive the terrible moment as Lucifer not only offered all but threatened (as he did Moses on Sinai) that if Jesus rejected he should be followed through Gethsemane to Calvary's cross. The prince of this earth threatened to put to death every lip that confessed the Christ—torture his followers and sweep the earth with fire and sword until his last devotees should bite the earth. Well might John say that it was given Lucifer to make war with the Saints and overcome them, and that power was given him over all kindreds, tongues, and nations. How terrible that hour of temptation we shall never know. It was not so much for self that Jesus was concerned, but to think of the agony of his pure and childlike followers was awful. Could he feel that moment what he was yet to suffer in the Garden of Agony as bloody sweat should pour from his face? Whatever may have been the scene and whatever may have been the cost at his rejection of this luring temptation he, as though grappling thunder bolts, dashed to earth everything that asked for compromise, and in calm, God-like majesty, said: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." It was done; heaven was victorious and the lower kingdom defeated. As Lucifer withdrew, angels from the throne of God rushed upon the scene and worshiped the Lamb, carrying possibly blessings and praises from Elohim.

I see Lucifer crushed and half dazed, gazing upon the terror and confusion of his own hosts. I fancy him raising his hands demanding, in thunderous tones, peace; telling his followers that all is not lost: that they will follow him with torture; they will drag him to Golgotha; they will hound his disciples to violent deaths; hunt them to the deserts and give them the choice between death and the renunciation of the name of the Christ. I hear the cry of

revenge; I conceive their commotion and disconsolation turning to exultant joy at the death of our Savior. I hear the Savior from without the darkness of this continent saying: "Woe, woe, unto the inhabitants of this earth. The devil laugheth and his angels rejoiceth at the destruction of the fair sons and daughters of God." Though part of this scene lies in the imagination, yet subsequent history gives it the stamp of reality.

What artist can paint the majesty and intensity of the Christ's temptation! The entire energy and force of an opposing kingdom was focussed upon one God-like being, and he arose from it all without the blush of shame or the cry of humiliation. Yet, says Hebrews (4:15), "he was in all points tempted as we are yet without sin." The greater the mind the greater the scope of temptation; and as Jesus' mind was infinitely greater than ours so likewise was his temptation. The greater one's mission, the deeper the trial. Without number the weak are garnered through the allurements of the flesh. Some would only need to be taken to the door of the temple and they would fall prostrate before the tempter. Yet no temptation will be allowed which is beyond the power of endurance, should one will to resist. The winds are tempered to the shorn lamb and the mountain pines are strengthened for the storm's fury. The Redeemer, knowing our weaknesses, cried, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Jesus not only did not fall, but each time the tempter came he taught a higher doctrine. Like a Teneriffe he rose above the storm of surging temptation, though there was no friend to steady him; no one to bar the tempter by words of cheer, yet he gave the race a peerless example of courage and resistance. He conquered sin, death and the grave. Well might he say, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

Walking with God

"By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant, too.

"I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

"Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand."

JOHN NEWTON

"The Sigh of the Weary"

BY WILL ROSE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 26, 1915.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—You will find your mortgage to the trust company, also the abstract of the farm, enclosed with this letter. I am not sending them back for correction this time, but because I have decided not to borrow the money, after all. Ever since you gave up your opposition to my project and consented to mortgage the old place, I have been feeling more and more ashamed of my victory. But I would not admit this to myself until last night.

As you already know, I was very bitter over what I called your old-fogy fear of progress. I thought you ought to jump at the chance I offered, to make us all rich. I hope you will both forgive the things I wrote in that frame of mind. For now I see the project, or rather your part in it, in an entirely new light. I still believe we could make a little fortune out of peaches if we had the money to handle the market. The more I study the matter the stronger is my faith in my original plan. The completion of the new State highway, allowing the use of motor-trucks, puts the early peach market at our mercy; for you know as well as I do that our peaches ripen at least two weeks earlier than any others in the Rocky Mountains. So I still say we have a sure thing if we only had the money to equip ourselves properly.

But something has made it impossible for me to go on with this deal, and I want to tell you what that something is.

When the mail brought the mortgage last night I was so eager and impatient to get things going that I couldn't wait until morning to see Manager Kean of the trust company. So I called him up and he invited me out to his home. Cousin Hal took me out in his car. Mr. Kean lives in one of the best residence districts of the city, but his home was not at all what I had expected in one of his wealth. Where I had looked for magnificence, there was only comfort and simplicity. I felt every bit as much at home there as I would out on the farm. Mr. Kean showed me as much courtesy and friendly interest there in his home as he had displayed in his office.

It was a pleasant evening after the heat of that summer day, especially up there so far away from the swelter of the business section of town. The family were sitting out in a sort of little pergola by the side of the house. After I had gone over the ab-

stract with him and settled the terms of the loan, my host snapped off the lights and we sat and talked the evening away in the shadow of the climbing roses.

Mr. Kean asked so much about your early struggles in clearing and fencing the farm and getting the water on it that I wondered at first if he had further doubts of its loan value. But after awhile he began to talk of his own father, telling in a slow, musing way of their early struggles in Kimball valley. I had not thought of him as the son of a pioneer.

Somehow, in the peace of that pleasant retreat his rambling recollections, told with such surprising bursts of feeling, gave those old days a new and beautiful dignity. I saw you and what you have done for the world as I had never seen you before. Across the way a group of young people were about a piano singing, mostly the old songs like "Annie Laurie," "Belle Mahone," "Tenting Tonight," and "Home, Sweet Home." These seemed to fit in so well with my host's conversation that it is hard to remember which was song and which story. I suppose I must have become drowsy under the spell of the voices, when suddenly I woke to the fact that Kean had ceased talking to listen to the singers.

"Let us pause in life's pleasures * * *" I could swear there were tears in the banker's eyes. And when those clear, young voices took up the chorus: "'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary * * *" I could see you, father, with your bent back and tired shuffle, and you, mother, with your beautiful, careworn face and drooping shoulders; and when the voices pleaded: "Many days you have lingered around our cabin door," all the long, dreary, heartbreaking years of your lives rose up to accuse me.

"Hard times, hard times, come again no more," the singers beseeched; and I realized in that moment how your harrowed souls must echo that appeal. There came to me the recollection of the big banquet with which the settlers celebrated the finishing of our monster dam. I was too small then to do more than listen and eat. But I haven't forgotten that when you all arose from your feasting and laughter and started to sing "Hard Times," you broke down like homesick children and couldn't go on for tears. I couldn't understand the sobbing of the women then, but I do now. You felt it too deeply. Realization of the long, bitter fight choked the words in your throats. I see now that this driving fear of famine, this desperate battle with want have darkened too many years of your lives to be ever entirely dispelled. I understand now why you clung to the old home so frantically. I see now why you cherish all those little, old-time economies that have always seemed so needless in these days of plenty. As the singers ceased I saw through tears of shame and humility what a

sacrifice it was for your stiffened fingers to sign that cruel mortgage. Forgive me, father, forgive me, mother, for what I came so nearly doing. Why, now that I see it all, I could no more throw the blight of that mortgage over your lives than I could shoot you down in your chairs. But I must tell you the rest. For a long while we sat there in silence. The singers had scattered to their homes. The last cars for the night were droning their way to the city's edge. Still we sat and thought, each his own thoughts. Finally Cousin Hal's machine on the street roused me.

"Mr. Kean," I said, "I've changed my mind about that loan. I can't take it. It wouldn't be fair to the old folks."

"My boy," he answered, "I'm glad to hear you say it. I was afraid you were risking all they had, and I wanted to object: but I realized that I could only offend you to no purpose. Thank God, you had the sense to understand. I am a banker now, and make much of my money out of loans, but I wish all the boys in the state could learn this same lesson of respect for their fathers' hard-earned means. Don't worry about your project. If the education your father has worked so hard to give you is worth that work, you will win out without financial crutches. Come and talk with me again. It has been a wonderful evening for both of us; and whatever you do," he ended, gripping my hand warmly, "be kind to those splendid parents of yours."

I hope I can, father and mother; that is now my sincerest wish. May God bless you both and help me to be more worthy of your self-effacing love. Home soon.

Your boy,

JOE.

Sympathy

Though patriots all, with full hearts, warm and true,
Hearts throbbing with love for the Red, White and Blue—
Speak softly today, and ring the bells low,
And let the procession march quiet and slow;
Hushed is the trumpet's blare, silent the cheers,
As with heart sobs of nations we mingle our tears.
Muffled the drum-beat, let quiet prevail
While in birth-pangs of agony nations travail,
In birth-pangs of sorrow that yet shall bring forth
New Freedom to bless and enlighten the earth.

ALICE MORRILL.

Joe's Coyote

A Thrilling Animal Story for Boys

BY LEE HUFF

[This story arouses sympathy for "the under dog," and awakens admiration for his persistence and grit. It was written by a young man who evidently possesses both of these admirable qualities in his own make-up. His college teacher writes that he has kept himself in school three years, by his own work, besides assisting his brother. The persistent win. The laughter and jeers of friends at their failures are but incentives to greater, more persistent effort.—EDITORS.]

A light frost fell, and with it came the coyotes. Joe had never seen a coyote and his interest was aroused. A lazy, white moon swung over the horizon, quenching the campfire's glow, and flooding the plain with a ghostly glory. From far away in the east came a melancholy *ki-yi*, and Joe rose up and listened.

Suddenly, from nowhere, appeared the first coyote—a splendid specimen, with yellow-black flanks and a flaunting, feathery tail. He took a clump of sagebrush at a bound, lit on his haunches, pointed his nose to the sky's high dome, and let loose one quivering, ghoulish wail.

As has been said, the dog was interested. Something more came to him now—he was stricken dumb. Here was an arrogant stranger, sitting—without invitation—upon Joe's own prairie, disturbing the peace in a hateful, alien tongue. The serene cheek of it!—a devil-lipped ghost-imp, yapping at Joe's moon!

The eyes of the dog swept pathetically the circle of lounging cow-men, until they rested upon his master, and then seemed to enquire as plain as words:

"Fer Pat's sake, Mr. Mott, what is it?"

A camp humorist kindly supplied the information:

"That thing out there, Joe, is a hell-warbler. Sick 'em, good boy."

Joe took the suggestion without hesitation. A noiseless, brown streak extended itself out toward the serenader; but Mr. Coyote saw it coming, ended his song with a crisp crescendo, and departed in an easy, shambling lope. The dog was too much interested to hear the coarse ripple of amusement following his exit, or to see his master stir a sleeper with his foot and remark, with a widening grin:

"Come, git up, Vern, 'n' see the spo't. My dawg's a linkin' after a kiyote."

A more perfect stage could not have been desired: the moon for footlights; Tongue, a Mexican mongrel, and nineteen cowmen for audience; a coyote for comedian, and Joe, of course, for the star actor.

The chase went south for half a mile, doubled itself, and passed the camp again; the maneuver being repeated three separate times, apparently for the amusement of the watchers. It was a close chase, too, or seemed to be; for seldom was the collie's black nose more than a yard behind his victim's flaunting tail; the coyote, however, looking back for rods at a time.

Never before had the wolf-hound breed cropped out so strongly. Joe ran low; his muscles ached and burned, his eyes bulged out, and he whimpered with savage desire; yet try as he would, he failed to reduce the lead, while the beast in front reeled off the distances without changing once his shambling lope.

But now Joe gained. He moaned aloud with joy. His blood was up, and he went for his enemy in crazy, heart-breaking leaps. Three times he snapped, and bit nothing but his own dry tongue. And then something happened. The coyote, tiring of the game—for he had evidently been playing with Joe—took his foot in his hand and faded away, just as a wood-chuck leaves a weasel.

Joe sat down and thought about it. Nothing short of a pistol ball could travel like that little yellow dot on the horizon. There was something wrong about the whole affair, but just what it was the half-cur, quarter collie, quarter wolf-hound could not figure out. Possibly the cow-men could enlighten him, or at least offer sympathy. With this false hope at heart, he trotted slowly back, his hot breath coming in labored gasps, his stump tail sagging badly.

Joe's reception, however, was very different from that he had imagined. Instead of pats and courteous explanation, the cow-boys greeted him with a roar of vulgar laughter, and taunts which stung him to the quick.

That dogs are sensitive to ridicule is a fact too well known to admit of argument; but collies perhaps are the most humanly sensitive of all. And this is where Joe's collie breed cropped out to stay. He was stunned at first. He couldn't take it in; but when the taunts continued, the dog's already heated blood began to boil. He was ready to fight for his last torn shred of pride—and pride dies hard.

He crouched ominously beside the campfire, his rough hair bristling along his spine, his ugly nose distorted by a still uglier wrinkle. And so it was when Ches Wright, the camp humorist, laughed louder than the rest, and pointed a derisive finger at the fallen hero, the cur side of the dog came out, and Joe forgot to be a gentleman.

A rawhide boot is a tough proposition at any time; but Joe

bit through it, through the trousers beneath and into the flesh and sinew, till his strong teeth met. With a bellow of rage and pain, the humorist pulled out and reached for his Winchester. He was a quick man, too, but John Mott was a fraction quicker. His hand flew out and disturbed the aim, and the bullet went whining out across the desert, impairing the market value of an innocent long-horn.

"Drop it!" commanded Mott, then added, by way of pacifying argument: "Ef you had made a screamin' ass of yoself, as Joe has, and we'd laffed at you, burn me if you wouldn't want to cut our throats."

This was logic all right, but Ches failed to see it. He was a little like the dog—part yellow himself. His fingers tingled on the trigger of the smoking gun, while he argued his death-claim with a quivering chin.

"The cur—he's chawed a piece outer me laig."

Mott answered promptly and heartlessly:

"Well, charge the so' place up to profit an' loss, 'n' run 'n' tell yo' ma, or I'll bloody you — nose."

Ches's nose had been bloodied once before, and memory lingered; so he dropped the discussion in a Christian spirit, wrapped his leg up with a whisky-soaked rag, and strove to forget the incident.

So much for the man's wound. The dog had received a severer one—deeper and more pitiless. A bull's eye had been made of his vanity, and only death or the coyote's blood could soothe the pain away.

Next morning he tried to persuade himself that it had all been a dream; but Ches limped, and a dog's heart doesn't ache so fiercely because of dreams. The day dragged on and on, but reached a close at last. A purple twilight came sneaking over the West, deeper, then darker, till once more the lazy moon arose, and again the campfire paled—a lonely, flickering blotch on a vast prairie. And then fell a silence—God's silence,—which even a whisper mars, like a curse on a woman's lips.

From out the east a faint *yap! yap!* rose and sang again. Joe heard it, and strove to give no sign; but his hair would rise, and his lips roll back from his yellow fangs. Silence again, more holy than before; then another ghost-beast leaped the sagebrush, squatted and profaned the night with a nerve-searching, driveling howl.

"Hi, Joe!" said a merry-hearted gentleman, "there's yer frien' callin' of you; run along, son, 'n' play with him."

The suggestion was received with much laughter, and the dog arose and went; not toward the cause of his degradation, but deep into the silent cattle herd, where his soul—if dogs have souls—was emptied of all emotions, save hate and shame alone.

The nights which followed were, to Joe, a living death. With fateful punctuality the "hell-warbler" jumped the sagebrush and nightly began his haunting serenade. He seemed to jeer at Joe, and drove the dog to the verge of madness. He called to him by names unbearable, and dared him to a chase. Joe did try it once more, on the sly, just to prove to himself the utter absurdity of it. Thereafter he resorted to strategy and laid for his enemy, but without avail.

These tactics seemed to amuse the cow-men vastly. Each sad failure, though wormwood to Joe, was a new delight to them. Somehow they fancied the words *fun* and *brutality* to be synonymous; and instead of calling for the dog's parlor tricks, of which Joe had a varied repertoire, they took to tormenting him past all endurance.

Indeed, if the truth must be confessed, Joe had no heart for tricks. Even the ace and deuce-spot seemed to have lost their charm. The dog grew thin and hollow-eyed, moaning and battling in his sleep, when false dreams gave his enemy into his jaws.

The warbler next took to calling in the day-time, and bringing his friends and family with him. He would glide into camp, when the men were out, and steal something, then slink away unharmed, pursued only by the raw profanity of the cook and a badly-aimed pistol-ball.

Joe loathed the intruder, but was ashamed of his own inefficiency. No longer did he wait now for the cow-men's nightly jests. At the first faint *ki-yi* he would rise from the camp-fire and slink into outer darkness, to hide his face from the sight of man. Joe's cup of woe was full—almost, but not quite; for another sorrow awaited him: his master went away without taking leave.

John Mott rode off in the night on a hurry call to the Book mountains, while the dog was stalking his hateful enemy many miles from camp. Of course, there may have been a trail, and Joe was quite capable of following it; but a heavy rain was falling, which is bad for trails; and when a man in the West simply goes away—well, none but fools, or sheriffs follow after.

And now Joe was alone indeed. For a time even the coyote was forgotten in a profound grief for the one square man who had offered pats, low-spoken words, and a sympathetic eye. Shame and bitterness for a dog are hard to bear; but grief for a loved one, whisked perhaps into the Great Unknown, is a pang undreamed of by man. It rends him, while his dog heart slowly breaks, and he too slips away to the dog's happy hunting ground—who knows?—and licks again a master's spirit-hand.

Taking advantage of Joe's dejection, the Mexican dog was of late lapsing into arrogance. Joe thrashed him soundly, but got no pleasure out of it; thus proving to himself that his case

was bad indeed. Then he wandered away on the prairie alone—and made a find. It wasn't much in itself—a calf-skin tobacco-pouch—but it had belonged to John Mott. Joe nosed it eagerly, and hope came trickling back to him. And now the collie stock cropped out again, assisted by the strain of the cur. Joe noted the distant camp, drew an imaginary line between it and his find, and knew that his master's broncho had traveled north.

This was enough. The ugly ears lay back, and the long limbs stretched themselves into a swinging stride. Straight as an arrow toward the pole-star sped the faithful creature, while his heart beat high with a bounding, hungering joy. Somewhere ahead of him his master waited and behind him lay the camp, the jeering cow-men, and a gang of mad coyotes yapping at the stars.

Then suddenly Joe stopped—so suddenly that he slid. For a long, long time he sat motionless upon his haunches; at last he arose, looked northward with one wistful glance, then trotted back to camp, depositing the calf-skin tobacco pouch on his master's bunk.

Now such fidelity in a human might be called heroic; in a cur it has no name. Joe's miseries settled down on him again; for there again was a brazen warbler, defiantly near the camp. But things cannot remain black forever, and even a dog's grief comes to an end. Joe celebrated his change of heart, by giving Tonque another thrashing, and this time he enjoyed it to the very marrow; also, he ate a square meal, and began to study the habits of coyotes from a scientific point of view.

"Say, Joe," said Frisco Jim, with a greasy smile, "why don't you put some salt on yo' cousin's tail?"

Joe passed up the jest or implied insult without apparent notice, for now he had "other fish to fry." To be explicit, he went out nightly and lay down among the long-horns, hoping the fumes of their smoking bodies might disguise his scent. Then, if Mr. Coyote chanced to wander carelessly among the cattle, as he did at times, then—perhaps!

And the "warbler" did come—only to laugh, however, as one who derides a tenderfoot; and shortly after he "bored a hole" in the wind with Joe dropping disgracefully behind.

This was disappointing, at least from the dog's side of it; but Joe's next encounter proved to be of greater interest to all concerned, and these were many. Joe made a wide detour, assaulted the enemy in his rear, and got him pocketed in a bunch of sleeping cattle. This was rather well done. The coyote's only road to hope lay directly across the backs of several hundred steers; a perilous path, at best, for the beasts rose up in unexpected places, thus causing the race track to become lumpy and uncertain.

Long-horns are peaceful creatures, as a rule; but think, my friend! If you yourself were wakened suddenly from dreams of

cuds and luscious grass by a charging coyote and a whimpering, foaming dog, perhaps you would look at things from a bovine point of view. At any rate, the cattle made progress difficult and uncertain, and once the race was all but run. A big steer tossed the coyote fifteen or twenty feet; but another one tossed Joe at the same instant, so honors were even, so to speak.

And now, indeed, the tumult was on. The terror-stricken cattle, fleeing from they knew not what, surged backward bellowing; then in frenzy rushed round and round in a swiftly converging circle, tightening into a sort of whirlpool knot, and known technically upon the plains as a "cattle mill." In daylight a "mill" is dreaded. At night—well, ask the cow-men.

"Wake up, boys!" screamed Ranger Ed, as he ran for his horse that was staked near camp. "Joe's millin' the meat fer to ketch his ki-yote!"

Now, whether or not it was Joe's design, is a matter beyond the ken of man; but this we know: ere sweet tranquility was restored again, the cow-punchers had expended their uttermost supply of plainsmen's three P's, which is to say—powder, perspiration, and profanity. Yet peace and order did arrive at last; and when it came, a little brown dot was yapping on the far horizon, while Joe sneaked panting into camp, defeated again but hopeful. The gods had almost smiled upon him, yet with the cow-men he was less popular than before.

Twice more the cow-dog failed—failed by a narrow margin, though, and the days slipped away one by one. Each day was a brooding time for the memories of wrong and ridicule, a time of yearning for the loved-one far away in the north. Each night the coyote took the sagebrush at a flying leap, and stabbed the stillness with his hideous, ghoulish cry.

One day Joe lay thinking—hard. Suddenly he cocked his ears, took a short stroll on the prairie and came back satisfied; then he waited many days for chance and a cold, propitious wind. It came—an icy whistler—tearing out from the east till the bronchos backed their tails against it, while the men blasphemed and built a bigger fire. At twilight Joe stole out beside a certain clump of sage-brush, scratching till he made a hole. In this he squatted, his black nose pointing dead toward the blast, the seven senses of his three breeds alert for trouble.

Again came night, but without the lazy moon. Again came silence, save for the moaning of the wind; the wind and one other wail—a faint yap! yap! that dribbled from out the east. A horrid note, it was, a very caricature of sound; yet was it music now to the ears of the waiting dog! Nearer it came, and nearer still; no longer an echo down the wind, but a full, deep-throated challenge, mingled with the nattering of velvet feet. It came, a rush—a

swish—the shadow of a ghost-beast sailing over the sagebrush in a beautiful, unsuspecting leap.

It was in fact a perfect leap, high, graceful, and full of deep design; but it had its disadvantages. In midair the coyote saw his fate beneath him, and tried to turn. He did turn partially—and lit upon his back. In an instant Joe was all over him.

Oh the bliss and sublime brutality of that battle in the dark none save Joe alone will ever know. But, oh, the glory of it! The feel of a scuffling enemy beneath one's paws, when teeth meet teeth through flesh and bone, to lock with a rasping click! The savage joy of a foeman fighting back at last, instead of running, frothing, tearing in a coward's fury of despair! Then the peace which passeth understanding, when the vicious, cowardly brute lies dead!

Joe closed his eyes and rested. His throat-grip was still upon his prey, a grip which relaxed not once till he had dragged the coyote's body across the plain, and laid it beside the camp-fire, bloody, limp, and still.

"He's got 'im, at last," roared the tent humorist, and the camp woke up and cheered. In their night clothes they formed a circle about the victor and his victim. They applauded the grim hero; but the dog backed away and snarled. He hadn't asked applause. He wanted justice—justice for a dog.

The cow-men looked and marveled. A dozen hands reached out to pat the ugly head—for human beasts can honor courage, even in a lesser beast; but the cur remembered many things. The black nose wrinkled wickedly; the coarse brown hair rankled along his spine; he barked one curse of anger and contempt—then turned and left the camp. In vain they whistled after him; in vain they shouted and called his name. Their voices were lost in the rush of icy wind. The dog was gone.

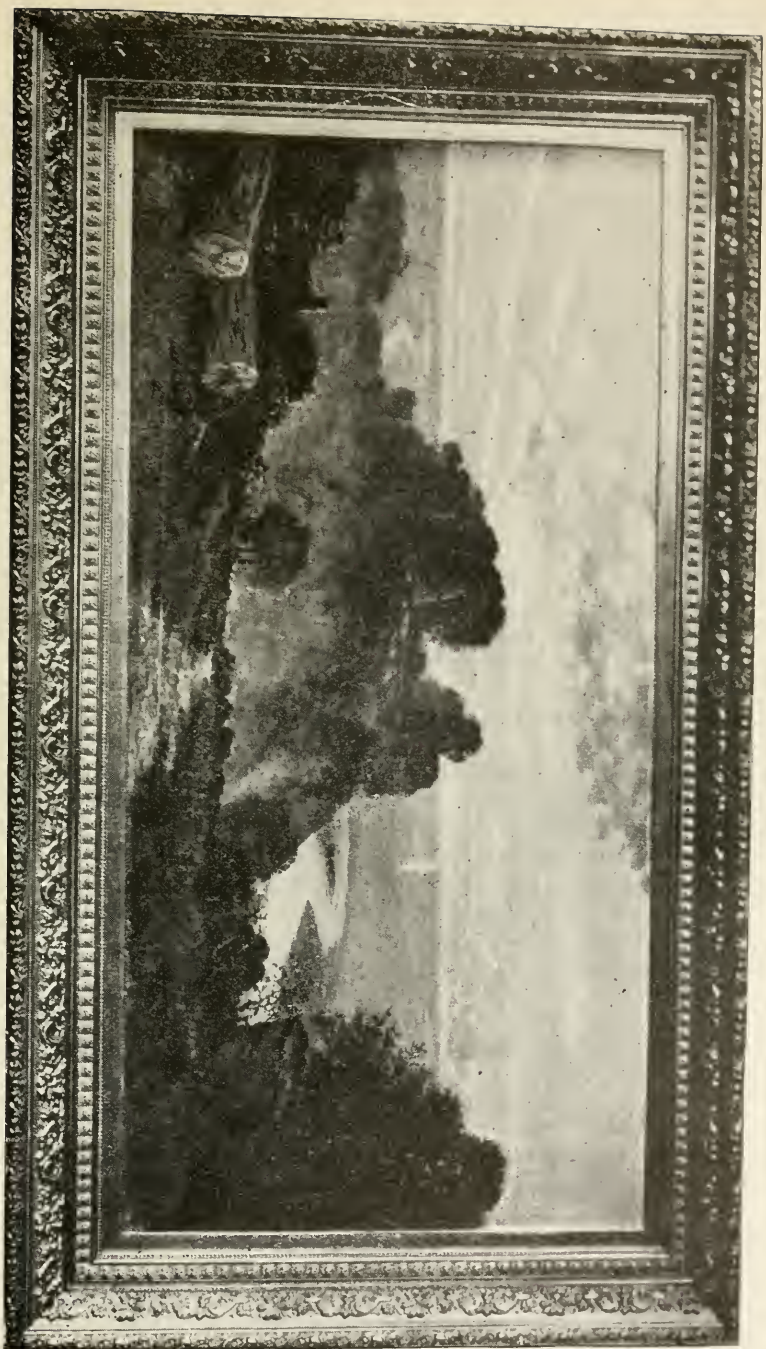
Not once did Joe look back. He settled down into a tireless, swinging trot—measured, monotonous, but having for its goal a loved one waiting somewhere in the trackless north. His soul was satisfied; his dog heart beat with the peaceful pride of one who has wiped away a stain. There was blood upon his coat—the blood of an enemy—and Joe could look his master in the face.

Your Dog is True

The sympathy of your dog is unfailing and unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he; if you are merry, no one is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. To your dog, you are never poor, never old; whether you are rich or poor, he does not care. If all other friends forsake you, he is true.—*Farm Journal*.

"The spot where Adam had dwelt and where, according to Daniel the Prophet, the Ancient of Days shall sit."

"The approach from Gallatin, Spring Hill, as Adam-Ondi-Ahman is locally called, is through a very attractive portion of Missouri. The Grand River moving southeastward to join the 'Mad Waters' traverses alternately in its devious course meadow lands, strips of woods, and hilly country. Here we see the stream flashing brightly in the sunlight, as it ripples or falls over ledges of lime or sandstone, into which it has deeply cut; and there sleeping darkly in the shadow of primitive trees. Here the ground, covered with corn, slopes away with gentle undulations from its banks, and there again, we see the gray rocks, which overhang the water, appear like square-laid masonry. Intermingled oaks, elms, walnuts and hickories give a leafy richness to each sylvan glade or extended landscape. Superficially, at least, the land surrounding 'the spot where Adam dwelt' is still beautiful."—A. L.



ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN
From a Painting by Alfred Lambourne

A Divine Standard

BY WILLIAM HALLS

The strife and contention among men, and the difference in their conceptions of right and wrong, good and evil, truth and error, show the necessity of a standard to which all important questions could be submitted and determined. It must be of divine appointment, and therefore infallible.

If the Christian churches had such a standard to which their doctrines, ordinances, ceremonies and discipline could be submitted and tested, and such rulings accepted, there would be but one Church united in one body. Jesus prayed that his disciples might be one as he and his Father are one. Such a Church cannot exist in the absence of such a standard.

The Lord called Moses, and through him gave to Israel a divine standard; and all the commandments, statutes and ordinances came through that channel. As long as they were obedient, they had peace and protection, but they were inclined to rebellion and Moses warned them of their danger, and foretold what would follow disobedience. When Jesus came, he found the Jews in darkness and error, division, strife and contention, they having departed from the law given through Moses. Jesus established his Church with apostles and prophets, and sent them to preach the gospel in all the world.

There is but one Savior, one gospel, one divine standard. But when the apostles were gone, the standard was gone; and Jews and Gentiles, left without divine guidance, wandered in darkness and error till our Father and Jesus Christ, his Son, descended from heaven and called Joseph Smith, through him opened a new dispensation, restored the divine standard, and all the doctrines, ordinances and ceremonies both for the salvation of the living and the redemption of the dead. The ordinations and orders of the Priesthood, and the discipline and order of government were all given to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, through that divine standard.

By this authority elders were sent into the states to preach the gospel, to call men to repentance, and also to warn them of judgments to come. Soon after the Church was organized this warning was given: "And even now let him that goeth to the east teach them that shall be converted to flee to the west, and that in consequence of that which is coming on the earth." "And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people."

The Lord revealed to Joseph Smith the coming of the Civil War, and all the members of the Church were counseled to move west, till finally they reached the Rocky Mountains, not by accident but by design. During that war, they were in peace and safety while the blood of thousands was being shed. For more than half a century hundreds of elders having divine authority have been preaching the gospel to the nations, especially in Europe, calling them to repentance and warning them of judgments to come, and those who received their message and gathered to the mountains are now in safety while war is raging in their native lands. As the words of Moses have been fulfilled in the scattering of Israel, and the words of Jesus, in the dispersion of Judah, so will the words of Joseph Smith be fulfilled in the salvation of those who receive the gospel, and the destruction of those who reject it.

The same principle that applies to the religious world is also true of the political world. Before universal peace can prevail, there must be a universal standard under which all nations will unite, and the United States of America may serve as an example. If every state in the Union were an independent nation, each must maintain an army; and if any one were invaded by a foreign power, it must defend itself alone. But all being united under a federal constitution, if a state were invaded the general government with all the states of the Union would come to its aid. In like manner, to insure peace to the nations, there must be a world's congress in which every nation is represented, by which all disputes will be settled. All nations must disarm and the general government maintain an army and navy sufficient to enforce the decrees of the congress, to protect the weak and restrain the strong. While human nature remains unchanged, and carnal desires persist, men must be controlled by law. If the regard for law is weak, it must be supplemented by the fear of punishment; but when respect for law is strong, there is little fear of punishment. Under such a government, every nation may, if desired, retain its identity, having its rights and limits defined. As all official acts of the government would be issued in one language, all nations would study and speak that language, which would be one means of uniting the people.

Preliminary to such a condition, the rulers, nobles, proud and haughty, must be humbled. War, famine, and pestilence will reduce strong nations till "all hands are weak, all hearts are faint, and shaken are the powers that be; and the great to great exclaim, 'Alas, are you as weak as we?' And the answer comes on the blast, 'Our glory's gone, our day is past.'" Then, and not till then, will men be willing to unite under a common standard that insures "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In the evils that come upon the world, the Saints will hardly

escape; as far as they partake of the sins of Babylon, they will receive of her plagues. This nation, though it will not be brought into bondage to other nations, is likely to have trouble at home. There are many evils in this land that call for sincere repentance; there is a disregard, a lack of reverence, for the sacred scriptures, for the Christian Sabbath, for the marriage covenant. Children disobey their parents, and are without natural affection. Intemperance and sexual vice are sapping the physical, moral, and spiritual lives of hundreds of thousands of the young men, and tens of thousands of the fair daughters of our land. There is discontent among the masses; secret combinations are being formed; pride, vanity, extravagance, and a reckless pursuit of pleasure, are bankrupting too many among all classes. With such a sowing, what will the harvest be?

Still, the Lord is watching over his vineyard; the wheat is being gathered into the granary and when many of the wicked are destroyed, and few men left, and the earth is filled with mourning, "The sun of righteousness will arise, with healing in his wings," and "The Wonderful Counselor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," will say to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still." The widow and the fatherless will be comforted, and the earth will rest a thousand years, under the divine standard of the King Immanuel.

MANCOS, COLORADO

Wanted

"'Wanted.—Boy babies.' This is the cry of the statesmen of Europe."—News item.

"Wanted.—Boy babies!" And wherefore, wherefore?
To cast to the tortures of Moloch once more,
To feed the grim demon, insatiable war?

"Wanted.—Boy babies!" Must women e'er bear
The anguish of travail that man may ensnare
Her most priceless gift in accursed warfare?

"Wanted.—Boy babies!" Oh, where are the ones
She bore and she nourished, her sons, cherished sons?
Crushed in your Juggernaut march—Oh, her sons!

"Wanted.—Boy babies!" Then cease from your strife,
Ye statesmen; oh, think of the mother, the wife!
Never have ye agonized to give life.

"Wanted.—Boy babies!" Ye ask it again,
When she gave you her best, and her best ye have slain?
Oh, have ye no mercy? Have ye no shame?

GRACE INGLES FROST

Ownership of Land

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

It is to be hoped that the Latter-day Saints will always maintain their reputation as an agricultural people. Agriculture is the rock on which, up to the present time, they have built their material prosperity; and that they have built well, few will gainsay. We are wont to tell with great pride to the tourist who visits our city and state, that seventy-five per cent of the "Mormon" people own their farms and homes. This is the general average. In certain localities the percentage runs much higher. For example, the Bannock stake reports ninety-three per cent; Big Horn, ninety-six; Hyrum, ninety-two; Malad, ninety-three; Moapa, ninety; Panguitch, ninety-four; Snowflake, ninety-two. Such averages are very phenomenal, and bespeak a solidarity of which those stake members might well be proud.

The wisdom of our great and splendid leader, Brigham Young, was manifest on every side, but nowhere, I think, did he manifest it more than when he sent the people out, far and wide, to take up land. The Great Basin was their home, where there had never been a farm. That old trapper, Jim Bridger, who had lived in this vicinity almost twenty-five years prior to the coming of the "Mormons," and who was about their sole source of practical information, met them on the way out, and gave them a discouraging report. "Bridger considered it imprudent to bring a large population into the Great Basin until it was ascertained that grain could be raised," reports President Young. (*Bancroft's History of Utah*, page 257.)

But grain was raised, and more and more people came to raise it. Though the country was wild and new, these emigrants were not kept clustered about Salt Lake City. It was the wish and intention of their leaders that they should go at once into the adjoining valleys, reclaim the land and build up self-supporting communities. I think it is to their everlasting praise that they scattered throughout these chains of valleys, a few here and a few there, founding what now are prosperous cities and counties. It took brave men and brave women to do this. And what a pity it is today to see some of the sons of these pioneers cooped up with little jobs, in our larger cities, wishing they had land, and yet afraid to go out and endure a small fraction of what their fathers endured to get it! Such as these form a weak link in our chain of

growth. They must be encouraged, and mayhap requested, to go out into the growing farming communities, where there is so much opportunity to establish themselves as permanent and independent citizens.

Those pioneers of the first years of Utah had the right mettle in them. Here they were amidst unfamiliar surroundings, unlearned in the art of subduing the soil in an arid climate, menaced by wild animals and savage tribes, with the poorest of farming equipment and practically no seed; in fact, with everything unfavorable and nothing favorable; yet my history of Utah does not tell me that they remained on city lots in Salt Lake City trying to earn a living out of odd jobs. Far from that. Let the history speak for itself. In the fall of 1847 a pioneer, Thomas Grover, left the struggling community in Salt Lake City and moved north twelve miles to Centerville Creek, founding the first white settlement north of Salt Lake City. In June, 1848, James Brown, one of the "Mormon" battalion, bought an old Spanish grant at the junction of the Ogden and Weber rivers. Others of the brethren from Salt Lake City followed him to this fertile spot, and in August, 1850, President Young and his counselors laid out a city, called Ogden, after the name of the river. In 1848, Isaac Morley and two hundred others settled in the southern part of Sanpete Valley. In the spring of 1849, about thirty families settled along the Provo river, near Utah lake, and from this beginning we have the present city of Provo. Early in 1850, President Young learned that water was plentiful, as were wood and pasture land, on a site south and west of Salt Lake, in Tooele valley, and he recommended a settlement there. This place is now Tooele City, called after the "tules" found growing in that neighborhood. In December, 1850, Apostle George A. Smith led a party of one hundred seventy-five people out of Salt Lake City in search of a place for settlement. After traveling about two hundred and fifty miles south, they located a town on the present site of Parowan, in Iron County. In the spring of 1851, Simon Carter founded a small settlement on Box Elder Creek, north of Ogden. Here, two years later, the town of Brigham City was laid out under the direction of Lorenzo Snow. In March, 1851, there were five hundred volunteers in answer to a call for people to go to Southern California and form a settlement there.

I believe I have quoted enough, though these instances might be multiplied many times, to show that our "Mormon" parents and grandparents were indeed brave and fearless and independent. I have no doubt that they all would far rather have remained in Salt Lake valley where there was greater protection from the Indians, a country better developed agriculturally, and a constant association with their leaders. But they did not remain. At the suggestion and encouragement of their leaders they went

into the surrounding valleys, far and wide, got something for themselves, and became strong and independent citizens.

What greater doctrine economically, could Brigham Young, and those about him, have preached to the people than ownership of land? To own some soil, to get a living from it, and have a home on it. It seems to me to be the very foundation of all prosperity, religious and otherwise.

The bishops of the wards, in Salt Lake City, complain that they have a vast moving population, people here today and gone tomorrow, people, many of whom are willing and capable enough, but who cannot be counted on for much, as they are nomadic, roving. Ah, that is the chief fault with your people who have never exerted themselves to own a home, a farm! Your land-owning citizen, is not a nomad or a rover. He can be found at all times and be counted on for his full share of duty to the community.

He is a full-fledged man, a fixed, permanent part of both the Church and the State. He is rooted to the soil, and, like the plants that grow upon it, will yield useful fruit. He is worth a hundred of your rovers, your nomads, who can never be found when needed, and usually are in need themselves.

It seems to me a most necessary thing that the members of the Church continue to encourage, as in the early days, the ownership of land. There is such a vast acreage in the West yet to be reclaimed, that even the free land, the homestead land, will not be exhausted for many years. But we will not find it by settling down to little jobs in our larger cities. We have got to go out and pioneer, and endure, even as our fathers and forefathers endured. The same longing for independence, and a life of usefulness, must be in us that was in them, if we are to succeed as well as they did, and carry on the great work they have left us.

Walk the Path that Jesus Trod

Be in earnest, Saints of God;
Walk the path that Jesus trod.
Yield to naught but truth and right;
Never weary in the fight.
If the battle should be long,
Trust in God; he'll make you strong,
And you'll surely conquerors be
In time and through Eternity.

ELIZABETH G. BARNEY.

A Typical Wisconsin Storm

BY E. H. LUND

Many years ago, before coming west with my parents, I lived in the Badger State, in a certain flourishing little city noted for its lumbering industry, on the banks of the Father of Waters. Storms in that section are of frequent occurrence and often of a very violent character, though, as a rule, of short duration. It may be of interest to relate an experience which a boy friend and myself passed through on one occasion, just prior to the closing of the school season, when we were waylaid by one of those terrific outbursts of the upper elements.

We were school-mates, and had been discussing our mutual prospects of passing successfully the coming examination-test, which would mean the end of our common-school days. The thought of quitting school suggested to my chum that we go on a little hike together, and this we decided to do. So, early one Saturday morning—as there was no session of school, we started out, with the intention of passing through a certain forest, which we hoped to reach by midday. The air was crisp and exhilarating the blood tingled in our veins and we were full of life and energy. The weather was inexpressibly fine. The patch of wooded land referred to, though not of large extent, was rather compact in growth, with here and there open spaces, sylvan glades and pretty little nooks, which oft attracted the swains and their lassies from the surrounding farming communities. There were bits of clearing and natural amphitheatres within the edges of the woods, which were well adapted to the requirements of picnicking parties and other social festivities.

We had been on the road some two hours, and the sun was already high in the heavens. As the day advanced it became exceedingly bright and very warm, approaching sultriness. The only cloud in sight was an innocent appearing, fleecy, wind-streaked affair hanging low over the far western horizon. We had slipped off our coats on account of the heat, carrying them on our arms.

The surrounding landscape formed an attractive and beautiful picture to gaze upon, with its orderly and well-kept farms and nestling homesteads; the fields of growing grains and other earth products; the symmetrically-arranged apple orchards and ornamental trees and shrubbery, all testifying to thrift and industry backed by intelligent management.

Despite the beauties of nature, enhanced by the handiwork of man, which met our appreciative view everywhere, and which, under more favorable conditions, with the air less torrid in its temperature, would have enchained our prolonged attention, we nevertheless sought to hasten our laggard steps, while beads of perspiration rolled down our faces. Though we were not caloused to the interesting sights and beauty spots along the way—which led us through winding stretches of partly shaded lanes and over gurgling brooks and trickling streams, spanned by rustic bridges—we were at the same time most uncomfortably aware of the excessive heat, and looked forward to the pleasure, in contrast, we would sense on entering the grateful shade in the cool depths of the leafy forest, the fringed edge of which we saw in the near distance. So, mopping away at our faces, we forged ahead.

There also seemed to be a heavy pressure on the air about us, the sultriness becoming more pronounced; and we now observed that, while the heat continued oppressive, the sun's bright light grew less intense, and we noted a slight haziness in the heavens. The exceeding brightness of the orb of day himself had altered to such an extent that we were able to gaze upon his face without injury to the visual nerve, and he assumed the appearance of a great, round, ruddy disk, with its edges well defined. We both noted and remarked upon these things; and also the fact was borne in upon our consciousness that there had come a gradual and final cessation of the merry notes from the feathered songsters, which had hitherto greeted us upon all sides, from bush, and tree, and fen. There was now but an occasional faint "te-wheet," as though in protest and fear of an unnamed, impending terror, which had put a quietus on their exuberant spirits. The heretofore incessant chatter of small voices of insects and other life along the way had entirely ceased.

Though we were but inexperienced youths, we could not fail in reading aright the meaning of these portentous signs. As we hurried along, my companion suggested that it looked very much as if we were about to be visited by one of those great wind-and-rain storms, of sudden development, for which this part of the country was noted, and as it is today, at times causing great devastation and damage to property and sometimes loss of life, the latter is especially the case among cattle and lesser livestock caught unprotected in open pens or in the meadows, death ensuing from exposure to the tempest, drowning in the raging floods, or killing outright in the fearful electrical discharges, as I have witnessed in a number of instances. Thus we were given a more pressing reason for making all speed to gain the shelter of some of the larger trees within the wooded area.

Ere many minutes had elapsed we reached the forest, and

made our way along a well-worn path into the darker recesses. Here we selected a tree of massive girth, thickly boughed and of the ever-green variety, the sloping far-reaching branches of which readily sheds water. Beneath the wide-spreading limbs of this monarch of the woods, we made our stand, and awaited the coming storm, at that moment little realizing how serious and fraught with peril our position was soon to become. The trees were closely set, so that their boughs as a rule interlaced, permitting little light from overhead to come through. The gloom about us became deeper, though it was not actually dark; there were, however, lighter patches here and there, which relieved the situation somewhat.

Neither my companion nor myself possessed a watch, but judging from the position of the sun just before we had entered the outer edge of the forest, we knew it must now be some time after the noon hour, probably about one or two o'clock. We had penetrated into the woody depths quite a distance and no longer felt the heat; in fact, we had stopped but a few moments here, before we began to feel a decided change in that regard. The air here was cool and, whereas it had heretofore seemed to hang heavy and stationary, there was now a very perceptible movement in the upper branches of the trees. Soon the air became still cooler, and, as we had previously perspired profusely in the heat of the sun, under the now altered conditions we felt the chilly touch of our moist clothing, and we were glad to don our coats.

The stirring in the heights above grew more noticeable, and we were also made aware of a gentle breeze about us; this gradually, and then more quickly increased in force, till soon we felt the gusts of a cold, moist wind upon us. Overhead the sky, which less than an hour ago was rosy-hued, had become overcast and murky, and in the immediate west—as we were able to descry through the clefts between the wind-tossed tops of the trees—heavy storm clouds were fast gathering. Old Boreas also seemed to be assembling his forces; for even huge trees, granddads of the forest, including the one under which we were huddled, were swaying and creaking and groaning under the lashing fury of the now angry blast.

The glades and forest aisles became darkened. Then the blinding lightning flashed, and flashed again; followed by roar upon roar of thunder, causing the very ground under our feet to tremble. To our alert ears came the awful sounds of splitting and rending of trunks and the crash of falling trees. For so suddenly were we in the midst of and surrounded by the raging elements! The warring clashes of the forces of nature above the forest must have been something terrific, for despite the thick growth of monster trees, the tremendous high winds forced their

penetrating tongues like whip-thongs down through them to the lower levels, and the now descending rain was blown in sheets hither and thither in the open spaces. Great boughs and lesser branches were torn from mother trunks and flung to earth. The shrieking gale above us held high carnival with the horizontally-swept rain. Anon the lightning flashes momentarily lit up the old forest with their fierce glare, while we clung ever closer to the friendly—though somewhat doubtful and precarious—shelter of our old tree.

And how it thundered! 'Twas like the roar of an hundred cannon fired above our heads, mingled with the sharp rattle of musketry, each seeking to outdo the other in their deafening reports; the exceeding great din, together with the intermittent noises caused by the shattering of weaker trees, and the dashing to earth of severed limbs, the howling of the wind, the beating of the torrential downpour, a creaking and a groaning on every side, all contributing to a fearful, awe-inspiring conglomeration of sound of such vast volume as would strike terror to the heart of the bravest, and caused our very souls to quake with fear. It would have tested the nerves of the best of us today, to say nothing of two youngsters, like ourselves. With bated breath, our backs pressed to the rough bark, we held tight to each other, fearing we might become separated, each gleaning some degree of comfort and encouragement from the knowledge of the other's presence. And how the rain poured down! A veritable deluge. It was as if the sluice-boxes of heaven had been opened; or that the heavy-weighted clouds had burst in impatience to relieve their tension. The foliage above us no longer protected us. Streams of water came down the trunk of our tree; we were soon soaked through from heads to feet. Miniature rivers and lakes were all about us, while the low-worn pathway had been transformed to a turbulent stream.

However, like most storms of sudden rising and fearsome character, this one did not last long. I doubt if much more than an hour had elapsed from the time we first felt its chilly touch till its force had entirely ceased, and peace and quiet again reigned. The mighty fury of the elements was spent. The wind died down, the heavy downpour gave way and dwindled to a gentle patter, and finally passed away altogether.

Overhead the terrifying aspect had changed; the heavy, angry, black mass of storm-clouds had already broken apart, and lanes of lighter coloring could be seen. Soon the silver linings here and there were in evidence. Within another quarter-hour the bright and welcome sunlight came filtering—aslant from the west—down 'twixt the branches of the trees, many of which had been sorely torn and riven by the raging storm; others had been whipped to earth, and now lay prone or hung caught in the arms

of their more fortunate fellows. Ere long the forest and the whole country-side was bathed in the golden glow shed by Old Sol, whose life-giving warmth and light had been denied us for a short season.

The world about us was again in action, teeming with life on every side. As we picked our way along the debris-strewn, watery path, there was a rustling and a scurrying here and there in the underbrush, the cheery chirp of the cricket greeted us, as also the now swelling chorus of chatter and song of the warblers overhead, and even the mournful note of a distant loon came to our ears. The lesser inhabitants of the forest and field seemed to vie with each other in the effort to adequately express, in their own way, their grateful appreciation of the return of the warm sunshine. The face of all nature had thrown off its frowning mood and resumed a smiling countenance.

In aftertimes, when my mind has reverted to our little adventure in the woods of Wisconsin, I have been impressed—as I am at this day—with the insignificance of man, notwithstanding all his boasted strength and knowledge. He becomes puny in the presence of the mighty forces of nature, and with the thought, my reverence and gratitude increase daily for the benign mercies of an overruling Providence, who permitted us to live through that hour of uncertainty and peril, when, in the midst of what seemed imminent destruction, with the terror of death upon us, we were preserved unscathed. Truly, in the words of the poet:

"He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

In this connection a portion of the eighth Psalm of David comes to my mind, as follows: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

From 'The Promise of Life,' by Howard Sutherland

"We must all die. Let us go courageously. Our dust shall be welcomed by all that has ever lived; by all that has ever loved; but the spirit, the true self, can no more be imprisoned beneath the soil, than can the fragrance of the violet or the rose. Those fragrances, along with the souls of us, shall continue in eternal ascension; and we who have endeavored and enjoyed, shall endeavor and enjoy forever.

"The setting sun, a purple sea, a shaft of golden light
That strikes the hill tops, and, to me, hints dawn-burst after night.
Fear, not, my Soul, the gray of death, the still uncharted main,
The Light shall find thee, and the breath of God be thine again."



WILLIAM WALLACE CLUFF

BORN MARCH 8, 1832, IN WILLOUGHBY, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, DIED AUGUST 21, 1915,
IN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Elder Cluff was the fourth son of David and Elizabeth Hall Cluff, who had a family of twelve sons and one daughter. Driven from Kirtland, Ohio, the family located in Nauvoo, in 1840. They were expelled from that place in the exodus of 1846. William was baptized in 1843, in the Mississippi River, by Elder Peter Shurtz. After the exodus crossed the plains in 1850, arriving in Salt Lake valley in October, settling in Provo. He served in the Walker Indian war in 1853, and in 1854 was called on a four years' mission to the Sandwich Islands. Returning, he was sent to Scandinavia in 1860, where he traveled for three years. In October, 1863, he married Ann Whipple. They have a family of five sons and three daughters. In 1864, he went on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands, with a number of leading elders of the Church, to investigate certain charges preferred by native elders against Walter M. Gibson. While on this mission, he saved Lorenzo Snow from drowning. In 1865, Elder Cluff was called, by President Young, to preside over the settlements in Morgan, Summit and Wasatch counties, and he located at Coalville. In 1870-71 he filled a second mission to Scandinavia, presiding over the mission. He was elected twice, between 1865-85, as delegate to the territorial constitutional convention; and he served as a member of the territorial legislature for six terms, acting as president of the council during his last term. When the Summit stake of Zion was organized, July 9, 1877, he was made president, filled that position with honor for twenty-four years, until 1901, when he was honorably released. In November, 1900, he went with President George Q. Cannon on a special mission to the Sandwich Islands, to participate in the celebration of the semi-centennial jubilee to commemorate the arrival, in Honolulu, of the first Latter-day Saint missionaries, December 12, 1850. A faithful missionary, a valiant defender of the faith, a worker always, a man who did great good among his fellow men, Elder Cluff went to his rest assured of the reward of a well-spent life.

Reflections from the War Zone*

BY J. M. SJODAHL, EDITOR "MILLENNIAL STAR"

The announcement of the fall of Warsaw, although not unexpected, came to the British people as a message of a great calamity. The masterly retreat of the Russians to their new line of defense is admired and regarded as almost a victory, but it is also felt that the central empires have achieved a triumph of which they were not deemed capable at this time—one year after the outbreak of the war, when, according to expert calculations, they ought to be exhausted, both physically and financially. It is felt that the support of the Russians is weakened considerably. On all hands the question is asked, What is likely to happen now that Warsaw is fallen?

Nobody here ventures a prediction as to that, but all agree that the initiative is now with Germany and Austria. They may continue the eastward movement; they may strike at Servia, or Italy; or they may make another effort to capture Paris, and then turn their attention solely to Great Britain. That the political effects of the victory will be far-reaching no one doubts. The Germans will be inspired to greater efforts. Some neutral powers may abandon their policy of waiting. And there is a bare possibility that Russia may be induced to conclude a separate peace. I do not believe she will do so, unless forced to it, but it would be folly to ignore that possibility just now.

Still, there is no doubt here of the final outcome. The confidence is as great as ever that the Allies will win. Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking at the National Eisteddfod, on Aug. 5, expressed the confidence of the nation, when he said:

"The eastern sky is dark and lowering. The stars have been clouded over. Still, I regard the stormy horizon with anxiety but not with dread. Today I can see the color of a new hope beginning to unpurple the sky. The enemy in their victorious march know not what they are doing. Let them beware, for they are unshackling Russia. With their monster artillery they are merely shattering the base that fettered the strength of Russia."

This is both eloquent and cryptic. But the note of confidence it contains finds a response in every British heart.

A reflection or two may be suggested by this war:

*Excerpts from a letter to President Joseph F. Smith, dated Liverpool Aug. 7, 1915.

(1) Armaments do not make for peace. We have heard for years that a country that wants peace must be prepared for war. There never was a greater fallacy.

(2) England's citizen soldiers have proved themselves the equals in every respect of the continental conscripts, after only a few months of training. That proves how unnecessary are the annual enormous expenditures on standing armies.

(3) The insanity of trying to settle international differences by means of war becomes more apparent as the struggle continues. Blood is flowing like water in the various battle fields. Men are being crippled for life. Some are going insane. How many suicides are committed will never be known. National indebtedness is growing at the rate of millions of dollars a day. When the day comes that the combatants are exhausted and can draw no more blood from each other, then these conditions will confront them. How much better if nations would do like individuals, and take their quarrels to a competent court! Is there any salvation from poverty and from oppression other than the dethronement of militarism? Is not civilization itself in danger of destruction when the imps of war hold carnival on the highways of nations? Has not the Church of the Prince of Peace a special message, a special mission, to a world perishing in rivers of blood?

It may be of some interest to know that in this war, as in some former conflicts, soldiers claim to receive visits from the other side. In a dispatch from Petrograd to the *France de Demain*, it is stated that many Russian sentinels declare that they have seen General Skobelev in a white uniform riding on a white horse. Skobelev was an ardent pan-Slavist. He was adored by his soldiers, who regarded him as invulnerable. He died in 1881, and tradition says that he predicted this war. And now Russian soldiers claim to have seen him on the battlefield; and they are fully convinced this appearance portends a crisis in the history of the Russian nation. The English, too, have a story about the presence of a mysterious rider, at the battle of Menin, who caused the Germans to turn back in the middle of a successful advance. The British soldiers say it was St. George. Some of the French believe that it was St. Michael; others, Joan de Arc. All of which goes to show that the belief in communication between this world and that behind the veil is as strong in our age of electrical wonders as it was when Constantine saw the cross in the sky. But if they believe that Joan de Arc, or St. Michael, or St. George, or General Skobelev can appear to mortals, why should they refuse to believe that Moroni, John the Baptist, Peter, James and John, and our Lord himself appeared to the prophet Joseph and qualified him to warn the world that calamities were to be poured out upon the nations?

We are glad that the United States is spared from actual participation in this struggle; and yet, if our country, by throwing her moral influence and financial and military resources in the balances for right and justice, could shorten the terrible slaughter and help to establish a firmer basis for world peace, we would gladly hasten the day of her advent in the arena. For this is a struggle between right and wrong, tyranny and liberty, Michael and the dragon.

Pardon me for troubling you with these observations and impressions. I feel well in my missionary labors, but the missionary ranks are thinning out, and the work is necessarily impeded. We are still the objects of vilification of anti-"Mormon" street speakers in Liverpool, and newspaper attacks in some places. The latest story is that "Mormon" elders are sending young men to the continent to fight the British as German soldiers. Some papers are fair enough to give the elders a chance to present their side, but that is not the rule.

I had the privilege of visiting Hyde, near Manchester, and Leicester, and, in company with President Hyrum M. Smith, bear my testimony to large audiences. The attention paid to what was said, and the interest manifested, make it clear that a great work can still be done in England for the enlightenment of the people on spiritual truths.

As Summer Wanes

The chaliced rose and lily-tower
 Have had their brief and fragrant hour;
 No more within the poppy-urn
 The drowsy orient embers burn;
 Denser the dews the dawns distill;
 In loitering wise the rillets flow,
 And plaintively behind the hill
 The dying flutes of Summer blow.

The thrush is pensive, day-long broods
 Within the cloister of the woods,
 And only with the twilight flings
 Upon the air her rapturings;
 The cricket chirrs; the locust chides,
 High-hidden on some drooping spray;
 And like a barque down amber tides
 In dreams the Summer drifts away.

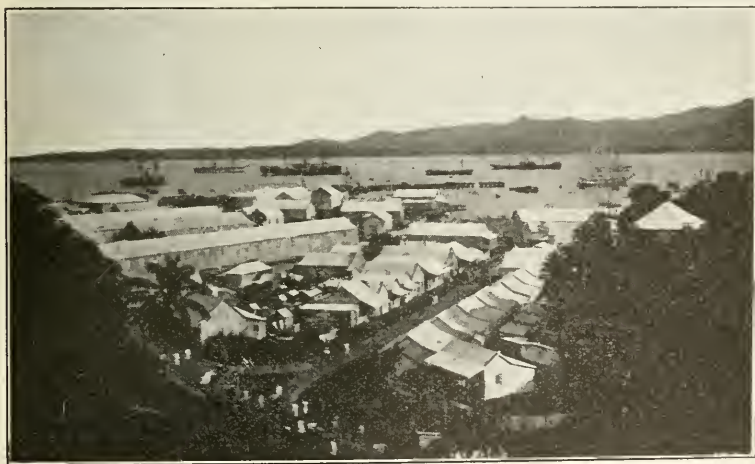
—CLINTON SCOLLARD in *The Independent*.

A Word from Fiji

BY JOHN A. NELSON, JUNIOR, PRESIDENT OF THE SAMOAN MISSION

Forty-eight hours sailing, at twelve knots an hour, in a north-westerly direction from Samoa will bring one to Suva, the capital of Fiji. No boats go direct to Tonga from Samoa, which necessitates my coming to Fiji, where I wait three weeks for a boat to Tonga. I have thus spent six weeks in these islands.

Five years and a half ago, when the writer stopped in Suva, the town appeared quite crude and old-fashioned; today it apparently is an up-to-date little city with hustle and bustle on every side, with large buildings of all descriptions being built in the business sections, and all seem to be busy. There are five large



A GLIMPSE OF SUVA HARBOR

hotels in the town with many boarding and rooming houses. A beautiful two-story stone Carnegie Library decorates the beach side of the road. There the weary sea-voyager finds rest for his eyes and mind, as he sits in an easy chair reading a volume taken from the spotless book-case.

One very noticeable feature of Suva is the good roads found throughout the city limits. The sidewalks are cemented along the main streets, and the roads are excellent for the automobile and motor-cycle. It is amusing to watch the carriages and auto-

mobiles turning the corners of the short, narrow streets on the hill-side.

The Fijian Islands are just as picturesque and well vegetated as any others found in the Pacific. At this time of the year (July 29) the days and nights are cool, and one is reminded very much of the climate of the Hawaiian Islands. The gardens are in full bloom, not botanical gardens, or gardens to please the eye alone, but real good vegetable gardens, the kind every American gar-



CARNEGIE LIBRARY, SUVA, FIJI

dener is accustomed to cultivating. In these are found nearly every variety of vegetable grown in cooler countries. For instance, the carrot, beet, turnip, radish, watermelon, potato, squash, etc., all thrive very well and a beautiful garden is seen growing on every spare plot of ground. The little natives from India are apparently the gardeners, and the all-round workmen of the islands.

While talking of the advancement the white man is making on Fijian territory, we must not forget the savage-looking Fijian who has practically been driven to other haunts from those he once enjoyed in the now city limits of Suva. The Fijian has been looked upon as a cannibal of the darkest hue, and rightly he has been criticized; but today he is as quiet and harmless as any of the Polynesian tribes.

During the last two weeks I have made a special effort to learn as much as possible of his character and habits, and I find them to be very much like those of the Samoan and Tongan. This, probably, is due to long years of intercourse with the two brown Islanders. The Tongan is highly respected in Fiji, and in days gone by, many islands of the Fijian group have been ceded to

Tongan chiefs. The Samoan seems to have less to do with his black neighbor.

The Fijian has a very dignified bearing, and his form is usually very symmetrical and straight. His black, partly-curly hair stands up like a thick, well-trimmed hedge about his head and neck. He, like the other islanders of the South-seas, dresses in a cloth hanging from the waist, and a shirt. One seldom sees him without this uniform on, unless the sun is unusually hot, and then he lays aside his shirt.

Christianity was brought to Fiji as far back as 1835, by the Methodists, just five years after it was introduced to the Samoans, by the London Missionary Society, in 1830. Since that time the Fijians have gradually been improving, until now they are a fairly well-read people, comparing well with their island friends. No doubt the first missionaries underwent some very trying times, as it would be impossible to Christianize immediately the savage heathen. The natives inform me that in those days when a chief died his wife, or wives, were strangled to death and eaten by other chiefs.



A TYPE OF FIJIAN

At the present time the total population of the Fijian group is 137,248. Of these, 87,096 are Fijians; 3,691 Europeans; 2,376 half-casts; 40,286 natives from India; 305 Chinese, and 3,494 natives of the South Seas, with a few other foreigners mixed in with them.

When the time is ripe to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of these islands, I am sure many will accept it, as there are many God-fearing people here.

SUVA, FIJI

In the Canyon

A smooth expanse far-stretching
 In to a gentle sloped hill,
 Whose low brow melts and merges
 Where horizon dews distill;
 My gaze o'er the surface lingers,
 While alone with tight-clasped fingers
 And heart held cramped in thrall of pain,
 I sit by the window, lonely,
 And I see not the smooth scene only,
 I know the slope to be a broken plain.

Out midway there's a canyon,
 'Tween here and yonder line,
 Where sky so blue, soft-clouded,
 And the earth's dark hills combine.
 And now while my gaze skims over
 The expanse of grass and clover,
 My thoughts, my heart, are buried deep
 Adown in that canyon. There where
 Even more than Chautauquan peace rare
 Once reigned. Down there where perfumed zephyrs sweep.

Down there a dear home nestled,
 A home happy, full of love.
 Down there hearts beat in joy-throbs,
 Ah, down there 'twas love, all love.
 Two hearts down there in the canyon—
 'Twas mine and my heart's companion,
 Ah, he so brave, so strong, so true!
 No care ever came to sadden,
 All the world seemed combined to gladden
 Those days—dear days, bright days, that were so few.

We worked, we planned together,
 Ah, the rainbow hues that gleamed
 In our life's web fantastic,
 We would weave it as we dreamed.
 Our lives' fondest hopes and ideals,
 The ambitions one's whole soul feels,
 Were stirred; we worked to make them true.
 The labor was only started
 When our lives—his and mine—were parted,
 And wrecked each hope, each plan, each aim we knew.

Just when our hearts beat highest,
 When our love was at full tide,
 A call came for my Darling —
 Came and took him from my side.
 I thought that he couldn't leave me,
 And so break my heart and grieve me;
 I held him fast, my own, my own!
 But called, he obeyed and left me,
 Of my soul's very life then bereft me.
 O God, Thou called—he answered—I'm alone!

That's why down in the canyon
 There is now a home no more.
 The house still stands, but empty;
 Our Home-Spirit waits ashore
 Where he is, across the Great Stream
 Of Eternity. Bright hopes gleam,
 For some day There, we'll have our home.
 Meanwhile I must wait—so lonely—
 The hours, pregnant with memories only,
 While the scene spreads o'er the canyon like a dome.
DOLORES STREBOR

Snappy Sketches From Life

A Day at the Cullen Apartments

BY MISS AMEE WALKER, STUDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

"Good-by, mama dear!"

Two little arms reached above broad shoulders, and pink lips pressed dry, firm ones. Then turning, eight-year-old Elsie skipped down the walk, while Mrs. Jones, arms akimbo, stood watching her until she passed around the corner. Presently a caller broke in upon her reveries:

"I should like to speak with the landlady of the Cullen apartments."

"I am she." Egotistically the corpulent form turned in the doorway. "Will you be seated?"

"I am Mr. Donivan. I represent the American School of Home Economics. I have something in which I am sure you will be interested. The perplexing question that confronts housewives regarding the keeping of food in this warm weather, has come to an end. The problem of ice supply is a thing of the past. Whereas, heretofore, the refrigerator has been a constant worry to the commissary, now we have a most efficient method which is also a labor-saving device; economical financially; and still is very much more satisfactory. Madam," said the agent, his voice approaching a climax, "I have here, in miniature, an iceless refrigerator."

The peroration was lost, for Mrs. Jones' elephantine figure was moving toward the door in answer to a gentle ring.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones!" piped a lady-like voice through a bundle of pins which the owner proceeded deliberately to take out of the corner of her mouth and stick one at a time into a cushion at the slender girdle. "Have you any blue thread like this sample? I can't do a stitch more until I get some."

The good-natured landlady went into an adjoining room and presently returned with the desired article.

"Oh, that's perfectly dear of you, Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, you're entirely welcome, Miss Redd," answered the landlady, in a matter-of-fact way.

"As I was saying," continued Mr. Donivan, tapping his pencil on the arm of the chair, "the iceless refrigerator is economic from more than one view-point.—"

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones!" rang out a voice hysterically through the adjoining hallway.

Without a word the landlady of the Cullen apartments went out with all the speed available from her distressing avoirdupois.

"Mrs. Jones, I wish you'd carry out the rules!" wailed Mrs. Burgess. "Here's me Jakie and Mikie—they niver have a bit o' fun. Kids can't play a minute in peace. If they run in the left court, Mr. Brown says, 'I can't read Darwin and Spencer while a herd of howlin' genera are fighting for the survival of the fittest.' If they go to right court, Miss Drew comes out on the veranda and calls, 'Boys! Boys! Don't you know you are not allowed in this court!'"

"T'other night I told her to go in 'er room, and when I needed some one to help me train me byes, I'd call her. And then Miss Dew, she told Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Potter told me, that she'd slap my Jakie's ears fer him the first chance she got when his ma wasn't lookin'.

"Mrs. Jones, there's jest two things to be done, Miss Dew has got to get out, or else me and me byes are going to leave your rooms empty."

A talk about vacating rooms always struck a tender chord in Mrs. Jones' mechanism, and her voice became gentle.

"I'm busy with a caller just now, but I'll see about this matter later on."

Wiping the perspiration from her forehead with her apron, she turned again to Mr. Donovan.

"Hm, hem," clearing his throat of its idleness, "regarding this new invention—hm—its merits are based on the fact that when the tank is kept filled with water, the cooling virtues come in the rapid evap—"

A loud ring caused Mr. Donovan to stop abruptly. Mrs. Jones picked up the 'phone and called out tersely:

"Hello! Yes. Oh, yes, I did, hubby dear! Yes, I 'phoned for four gallons of brown paint and six packages of light buff calcimine—wasn't that right? I don't know; they said they'd send it out yesterday afternoon. Oh, not any more busy than usual. Yes, I'll prepare a luncheon and—let's go to Peninsula Park. All right. Good-by."

If there was one thing that gave Sir Donovan discomfort, it was to be interrupted in arguments for things that lay next to his heart—whether iceless chest or what not. Collecting his thoughts, he strove to bring things to a focus.

"Now, madam, I have three sizes of refrigerators. Which can I leave with you?"

Mrs. Jones seemed to be somewhat interested.

"I like this small one with the three shelves," and she picked up the cube of butter, but—it collapsed!

"Mrs. Jones!" Looking up they saw an Irish nose pointed in the same direction as a pair of size nines, width E.

"I have just received a shipment of books. Will you please tell me where I can dispose of the boxes in which they came?"

"We put everything like that in the furnace. You can take it down there, Mr. Brown."

As Mr. Brown descended the narrow stairway to unpack his new arrivals, he met Miss Redd with a traveling bag in hand.

"Oh, are you leaving town, Miss Redd?"

"Why don't you ask when I'm coming back?" coquetishly responded the little seamstress.

"I take it for granted that it will not be long."

"It will be as long as this beastly hot weather lasts," and laughing she ran down the steps.

As Brown opened his boxes of books he felt the color scheme slightly changing—life seemed to have a more bluish tinge than before. He had planned such an enjoyable evening with Miss Redd—that is, if she was not going to be otherwise engaged. Then seating himself near the open window with the latest novel and a large palm-leaf fan, he decided that ladies in books were much more easily understood and—just about as fascinating—though really not quite.

Mr. Donovan in the waiting room below began to feel an iciness coming over his business, in spite of the fact that his physical being was melting rapidly with the extreme heat—when another voice called out, as its owner entered.

"Mrs. Jones, I left my key at the shop. Have you a skeleton?"

"Please be seated, Miss Dew, and I'll look."

Once more the iceless man was left in the air. Sitting on the edge of a chair, Miss Dew gave a glance of inquiry at the doleful countenance which immediately took on a look of interest as the wearer seemed to be deciding whether or not he should retell his story. Presently he began:

"Are you interested in keeping up a home?"

Miss Dew had been waiting thirty-three years and therefore concluded to be amiable, as was her wont on all similar occasions.

Before one o'clock Mr. Donovan had succeeded in installing one of his refrigerators in the apartment of the demonstrator of the grocery department of "Old Workman and King." He also had Miss Dew's signature as to the inestimable value and serviceableness of the iceless refrigerator.

On returning from school that afternoon little Elsie found a note on the table:

"Mother has gone to the park with father. You and Annie Rooney may play tea party and we'll soon be home."

Elsie, in searching the house for Annie Rooney or some other

of her numerous dolls, noticed the over-filled furnace, the door fairly gaping with unburnt trash. The temptation was too strong. Getting a match she set fire to the paper, and after trying in vain to close the door, wandered up stairs.

A half hour later, Mr. Brown (still gloomy) found he could no longer be interested in his book heroine. Wiping his forehead repeatedly with his handkerchief he sat back with hazy thoughts of the tragedy of a man suffocated in his room. Going down stairs he found Mrs. Burgess and children, panting in the lower hall.

"Dreadfully warm, isn't it? You boys look like you both had a fever," and he thrust his long neck further out of his collar, by way of making a better air shaft.

He had not noticed Miss Redd, who, returning from her delivery of Mrs. Benson's gown, had gone in search of a cooler place, and was sitting in her room tatting to take her mind off her discomfort.

Suddenly a shrill scream was heard. "The house is a fire!" Rushing into the dining room they beheld thin wisps of smoke coming out of the open registers along with a merciless blast of hot air.

Mr. Brown suddenly found himself the only available hero material in the apartments. He first assisted Miss Dew toward the door, but dropped her unceremoniously on hearing Miss Redd's terrified voice upstairs. A few seconds later she fainted—oh delightful sensation!—in his arms. And he brought her limp and lifeless down the stairs.

Mike and Jake had rushed off to give the alarm, and now the whole population of the Cullen apartments and its vicinity were walking to and fro in the streets expecting the flames to burst from the windows at any moment. "Fire! fire!" shouted everybody, and the street was fast filling with spectators. Mrs. and Mr. Jones returned from the park.

"Oh, my child, my Elsie!" shrieked the fat landlady, bursting in the door.

Upstairs and down she ran while others, taking courage, followed her. Frantically through the house they went until, in the garret play room, they found "Goldie Locks" fast asleep.

There being apparently no increase in the smoke and hot air, they went next in search of the trouble, and on reaching the basement found the furnace still burning but with only an occasional puff of smoke from the open door.

Mr. Brown and Miss Redd it was noticed walked very close together, in spite of the heat. The fire, false alarm though it had been, had forever merged these colors into one. The only one to whom the perception of this fact brought sadness was Miss Dew. Returning disconsolately to her apartment she found the

eggs in the iceless refrigerator almost hard enough to serve, and the butter—well it had run away in the excitement.

PROVO, UTAH

"Batching it" in Provo

BY LEE R. TAYLOR, A STUDENT OF PROF. N. L. NELSON, BRIGHAM
YOUNG UNIVERSITY

"Three more days before Christmas vacation," yawned Bob Hazel, as he lay sprawled out on the bed. "If I could take a Rip Van sleep until Thursday morning I might stay her out."

"Don't blame you a bit. I'd start for home tonight, if I could get rates," added his room mate.

Three months seemed interminable for Bob and Will to be away from home. Batching it had probably intensified their homesickness.

Fall work had made the boys a month late for school. Rooming places in Provo having been in great demand that year, they considered themselves very fortunate in having secured a place only three blocks from the University.

The L-shaped house which they occupied sat well back from the only entrance on the east, and served as part of the fence on the south side of the block. Except for a high aperture which had probably been used for a window at one time, the adobe wall on the street side had no openings.

Only the large room on the east, which formed the stem of the L, was in a usable condition. The other room was minus window-panes and a door-panel, and had also the ugly hole facing the street; but it came in handy for storage purposes.

This pigeon hole was found especially convenient for the baker to drop in his three loaves each day. Several times he had craned his neck to see if there was a receptacle below; but his curiosity had never been gratified. He intended to satisfy himself on this point but the boys were never at home when he called.

The milkman had complained about the inconvenience of having to go around by the gate, so a board was arranged just below the pigeon hole on the inside, and in this the boys placed a small milk pan each morning. Thereafter about ten o'clock every day the giraffe-like milkman stretched himself to his greatest perpendicularity in an effort to locate with his long arm the strainer which was to receive the quart of milk.

When the long-wished-for Thursday arrived, so uncontrollable were the emotions of the boys, so eager were they for a taste of mother's cooking, that they made for the depot as if in a panic. The bachelor quarters they left behind baffle description. Dirty

dishes were left on the table, old clothes kicked into corners, chairs were upset, and the rickety stove seemed to be bursting with ashes and clinkers.

But what matter? The only way time can torture a lusty youth or anyone else for that matter is through memory. At nine o'clock Robert and Will were hurrying off. And as to the troublesome faculty, trust a pair of freshmen, released for Christmas vacation, to find ways and means of stimulating their forgetteries.

Eighteen days later—alas for the inexorableness of retribution! the same two boys, jaded with eleven vacation dances, and six socials, came slowly up the street, carrying four large grips. As they approached their den, memory was beginning to assert herself at its threshold. Both paused overcome with the disgust a spirit is said to feel on contemplating the necessity of going back into its mortal body. "My! but I'd rather be whipped than go in!" blurted Bob. "No wonder," soothed Will, "it was your turn to wash dishes, and you cut it tight. I see the table now—the potato jackets, that mush pot, that plate of bacon grease, that—"

"Oh, switch off! Think of the stove, the floor, the bed! It was your turn to straighten up!" retorted Bob.

"Well, what can't be chucked, has got to be did," concluded Will whose age had given him the office of senior, and with this sentiment they went in.

The weather being below zero, the first thing to be done was to start a fire. By a common impulse both moved toward the store room for kindlings. As they opened the door, they gave way in chorus to another common impulse—a prolonged whistle.

"Whew!—we forgot!"

There on the floor before them was a pyramid made up of fifty-four loaves of bread, walled up by the congealed mortar of eighteen quarts of milk!

Needless to add that the baker did not call again for some time; nor that bread and milk, bread-pudding, bread and milk toast, milk and bread—heaven save the mark! figured daily in the new year's menu for a fortnight, and was present nightly in the boys' dreams!

PROVO, UTAH

The Lost Chord

A Fancy Suggested by the Cry of King David, and a Tribute to the Memory of My Pioneer Mother

BY T. R. KELLY

In the wonderful symphony of Life, whose harmony floats in soft and gentle cadences across the years of childhood and rises and swells into the beautiful melodies of joy and hope and gladness through the glorious days of youth, there are strains of ineffable sweetness which, like some old forgotten air, floats through the chambers of our inner consciousness but which, try as we will, we cannot sing nor play again—chords of tenderness and beauty that we cannot recall.

The lost chord of childhood! How our fingers grope over the keys of forgotten years vainly trying to find some echo of that marvelous harmony of childhood's days. How we strive to touch again those magic tones which were of such heavenly sweetness.

How we strain our ears to catch a whisper of the music whose sound has grown thinner, clearer, more ethereal, until it has all but vanished in the immensity of the past.

But all in vain. For those sacred memories, with the mystery and elusiveness of the days when the world was young, have been locked in the secret chambers of our hearts there to lie, deeply hidden from human eyes, until, touched by the all-effacing finger of Time, they have become a part of the eternity of past things.

And yet, at times there comes to us a fleeting vision of the days around which our memory clings and which carries us across the barren waste of years and gives us a glimpse of that happy time—gives us one touch of that harmony which has gone forever.

Then when we see the old home or the little Mother or the dear companions, and live again those hours of happiness supreme, we cry with David of old, "O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

Pathetic almost beyond description is this cry of the King who, having attained to the highest pinnacle of fame and power and greatness, finds it all shattered and broken and lying in dust and fragments at his feet. He does not long for the return of regal glory, but his thoughts turn to the humble shepherd-home of his childhood. He sees the hills and valleys and trees and flowers of his native village and his soul yearns for a drink of the water from the well beside the gate.

One of the first, perhaps the *very* first, things I can remember of my childhood home and my dear Mother, is the little prayer she taught us, my brother and I, and which we would always sing before going to sleep in the tiny attic of the little house where I was born. The music so quaint and simple, and as I recall it, so soft and tender, has gone from my memory, but the words remain clear and bright, shining through the mists of years, undimmed and steadfast as the stars:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be thou near me
Watch me till the morning light.

"All day long thy hand has led me
And I thank thee for thy care,
Thou hast clothed and warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."

"Good night, my precious lambs," she would softly whisper as she tucked the coarse quilts closely about us, "Good night, my little men, sleep sound till morning." And then it did not matter if the wind whistled through the cracks in the wall or if the snow sifted in through the broken roof, we slept secure in the knowledge that Mother was near and so nothing could harm us.

With the first faint streak of light which came dimly through the single pane of glass that served as a window, we bounded out of bed, and it was always a mystery to us how the little trousers and stockings, so torn and dirty after a day of terrific battles with an army of savage mullen stalks or marvelous feats of engineering in building a road along the face of a high bank near the house, it was always a mystery how they could have become so clean and how the holes had all disappeared.

We did not know that far into the night, with the light of only a single candle, or more often only the blaze of the logs in the rough fireplace, she had toiled and mended and prayed for us all.

We did not realize what sacrifices she had made, what privations she had endured, what anxiety she had suffered that we might be "warmed and clothed and fed." It was only when, years afterward, we saw the worn and wrinkled face still and calm and beautiful in that last sweet rest; saw the bent and toil-worn hands lying in peaceful stillness across the breast that had been our refuge and our sanctuary in those other days, it was only then that we knew what she had done for us—how intensely she had loved us.

But best of all, the sweetest note of all, in that lost chord of childhood was the time when, at the end of a day of work and worry and care, our Mother would sit with us in the gathering

twilight and show us wonderful pictures in the ever changing forms of the clouds in the western sky. Or she would tell us about the fairies who lived in the cleft of the rock high on the side of the mountain across the canyon from our little cabin.

How during the long summer day they would lie safely hidden from prowling mice or inquisitive squirrels; how their friend Mr Ground Owl, would sit on the high rock above their door—we could see the door and the high rock so plainly—and watch the shadow as it slowly climbed the slope of the hill, and when it had reached the door of the Fairy House he would sound his plaintive note, then out would come the fairies, tumbling over each other, crowding, leaping, dancing, hurrying to get the first look at the beautiful moon which was slowly climbing over the crest of the eastern mountain.

Then we would watch the stars as, one by one, they came into view, and our Mother would tell us the wonderful story of Orion, the hunter of the seven sisters, the Pleiades, of the Great Bear in the northern sky, and the Milky Way which shone so brightly from the depths of our dark canyon.

We watched the moon climb to the top of the mountain that was the home of the Pine Woman, we listened to the drowsy cry of the night birds from the old maple grove, the faint, murmuring song of the mountain brook that came gently to our sleepy senses, and with our heads resting on the lap of our watchful, loving Mother, the cares and hurts and pleasures of the day were forgotten and we slept.

“O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate.”

Harvest Fields

I walked today through a clover-meadow, mown
And sweet with dying bloom,
Treading under my feet a glory fit to grace
A king's way, or his tomb:
Acres of loveliness laid low and dying
Of numberless lives, only the winds sighing.

And I thought, as who does not, of other fields,
Flowered with unnumbered dead,
Wondering how those kings, the flowers of grass,
Hold up a regal head,
Plan of closer cutting, redder harvest-making,
All the world sighing and its heart breaking.

—CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, in the *New York Sun*.

An Inspiration

To the Memory of John A. Bates

BY DR. J. LLOYD WOODRUFF

"Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure."—Frohmán, who went down with the "Lusitania."

The infinite is round us, and we swung
Midway between eternity, that space of countless years,
While yet the spirit in the Master's presence grew,
Amid the Eden of its primal birth and infant days,
And that unending round, those aeons immortal, when
The soul, no longer bound in clanking chains of Time,
Shall stand once more before that selfsame Master's face;
But glorified and strong by earthly hours spent
Wherein it learned of pain, and sorrowing wept,
And bowed by ills beyond its mortal strength to bear, attained to Pity;
Of rhythmic form and sound, of wondrous lights and shades
A symphony unmarred that traced within it Beauty:
Of near ones dearer far than life or wealth or power,
And Love, a flaming torch, flashed out athwart the soul,
Lighting the path that finds the all within.
Came face to face with sin, its high resolves and strength o'ercome,
Crushed in the dust its haughty pride, broken its wayward will,
But from this mound of ashes wet with tears it comprehended Mercy.
Beheld the stately gleam of midnight's starry arch,
Round sun and sun's majestic march, bright worlds unnumbered,
And realized as by no other lesson taught,
That order is the law that rules the works of God.
Bowed down by mortal stress and care
It cried aloud for help and pristine strength;
And Faith amid the chaos of the soul was born,
Lips moved in prayer, and reverent hearts
In wondering awe gave thanks to God.
And having grasped and tried to make its own,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Faith, Order, Beauty and the power of Prayer,
Clad in its faults and sin, its victories and enduring hopes,
But glorified by all its mortal life had been and meant,
Before the throne of God, the spirit, chained by the bands of earth no
more,
Stands, and with wide and seeing eyes
Looks through a glass no longer darkly out on life;
But, as the lightning cleaves the blackness of the night,
Grasps the full meaning of the things that were,
Of all that is and all that is to be:
And worshiping falls at the Master's feet in voiceless thanks
That while on earth its eyes had mercifully been dimmed,
Else had it ne'er had strength its measured race to run
Amid the vales where knowledge must be found,
Shut out from all the beauty and the hope that heaven holds.
Why then should death be shunned, why met with trembling fear?
He is no tyrant dread, with malice unrestrained,

Who robs us of our dearest jewel, Life;
Nay, but a friend, a wise baccalaureate bard
Who chants the great commencement of the soul,
Hands our degree and opens wide the doors that bar
The way to heights we long have striven to attain.
'Twere but a sorry scheme of things and vain
If when we close our eyes life's lamp no longer burns;
If, when the grave enfolds our earthly, senseless clay,
"Finis" is sculptured by the moving hand of Time,
And we no more forever may become
A part of that for which we felt we were.
If this be true, what sees and feels and loves?
What thrills within us as we watch the infant dawn?
What works and strives and will not be denied?
What reverent bows at Nature's mystic shrine?
What laughs aloud for very joy of life?
What overcomes the stress of earthly fear?
What weeps for joy at music's melting strain?
The That which makes us each a separate star?
No; as we live today and move and are,
Think you tomorrow shall no longer shine?
Though we be ashes, triumphant from the dust
The spirit soars to realms untouched by Time.

That life is but a continuation, our birth but a door leading out of the spiritual into the temporal, and death but a swinging portal leading back into the realms of primal being, is one of the difficult truths of existence to grasp. Particularly the latter; else why has death such universal terror for the children of men? If we knew definitely that death was but a dark passage into eternity, would it not be more welcome? Would we not rejoice with the honored one departed rather than bid him God speed with sorrowing and tears? Yet, in a true philosophy of life, this knowledge of a spiritual pre-existence and a continuation of being after death must be the corner stone. Mortal mind unaided can not fully grasp the meaning of this, and only by inspired guidance has it been possible for the human heart to comprehend even a part of its significance; still, scientific reasoning rightly applied carries us far along the pathway of this truth. For when carefully analyzed the facts on which a conclusion must be based point more strongly to a pre-existent state than otherwise.

In carrying on any investigation one or more basic facts must be admitted, or taken for granted, and in our search for the true genesis of man we have the incontrovertible evidence of life itself as a starting point. Therefore, taking life, with all its manifold variations, and working back, we come at length to a point where we must admit one of two things, either it began spontaneously, an evolution of something from nothing, or it is a continuation of pre-existent life. In a vain endeavor to disprove the latter theory, many splendid intellects have spent years of time in thought and research, and life down to its most primitive vegetable cell has

been investigated. But no scientific proof has as yet been produced that bears out the theory in any way that that cell, in the beginning, evolved itself out of nothing, that that life, feeble, almost unrecognizable as such though it be, is the child of spontaneous generation. This being true, there is only one solution left: we are confronted by the condition life, it did not generate itself, therefore it must have been brought and planted here from some other sphere, or state, or planet. This much being granted, that life in its lowliest manifestation, at least, must have been transferred from some other place, is it then such a difficult thing to believe, even though difficult of definite scientific demonstration, that life in its highest form—man, did not also exist in some pre-mortal sphere of action and came here to continue its development along broader lines?

Look around you. Whence come the gifts and graces which inspired men and women possess? Surely not from the earthly experiences which have been vouchsafed them. As you listen to the vibrant chords of some splendid anthem, ringing through vaulted architraves, has your inmost soul not felt it was but an echo of more wondrous music still, which the spirit of the musician, remembering, worked out in earthly form? And is this not equally true of the greatest and noblest in sculpture, painting, literature? but as we see or read or hear a something wells up within testifying to the immortality of the inspiration behind the outward form.

A child is born; what is it? Physically a mass of cellular units, the result of the union of positive and negative bodies. These, multiplying, differentiating, specializing, grow finally into the image in miniature of its creators. This we

know, it can be studied step by step, cell by cell, with microscope and scalpel. The whole process from conception to birth is understood, each cycle analyzed and tabulated—nothing mysterious or unknown—nothing except one little link. The link that makes the chain complete and binds together all and holds it there as one. The that which animates it and makes all the rest possible, the that which we call life, this we do not comprehend. No



JOHN A. BATES

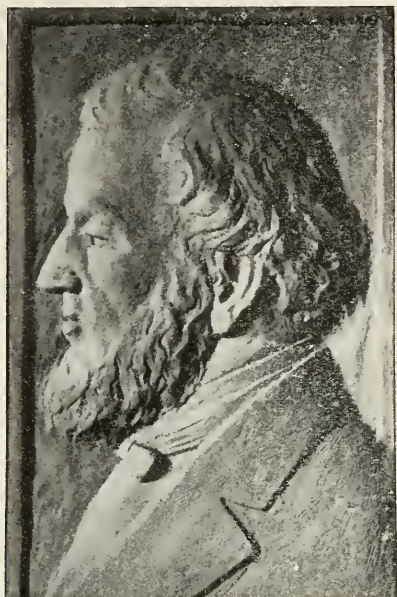
microscope so powerful it lays the secret bare, no scale so delicate that its weight can be recorded, no chemistry so subtle or profound that with crucible, reagent, or flame, it spells the riddle for us.

It comes, we know not how nor whence, and with it comes a something even more wonderful, more mysterious than life itself—the individual. If we can not explain life what are we to say of this incomprehensible manifestation of it? From where does it spring with all its intimate personal traits, powers, weaknesses? How are we to explain it, where turn for an analogy? Surely not to nature, for neither among the fauna nor flora of earth do we find anything that even approaches man in his versatility, his adaptability, his powers of advancing from one stage of development to a higher, or his weakness in falling into bottomless sloughs of infamy, beyond power of description. A rose is a rose, some more beautiful than others, some more prolific, others breathing a fragrance unsurpassed; but all roses, with no thought or aspiration of being other than they are. The same may be said of fish, fowl and beast, each in his separate estate is what he is without either desire or power to change or better it. While we may say, as of the rose, all men are men, here the analogy ceases, for all men are different in a fundamentally different way than one rose differs from another, one fish from its fellows, one eagle from the rest of its kind. And heredity, environment, training, all combined can not take from the individual his personality, mold John into the entity known as William. Would a whole life's labor change an Edison into a Michael Angelo? Would a thousand years of toil transmute a Caruso into an Edison, or make an Abraham Lincoln out of Beethoven? No, each is what he is, as far as the corner stone of his being is concerned, not because of any conscious willing, and not because of any possible training, but because of that for which he strove and to which he attained in the spirit world, before he reached the stage of development where the necessity for a body became imperative for further progression: and each put into tangible form here much of that upon which he had thought and labored there. Understand me, training, self-development and control, brought out and glorified the gifts within, but had nothing to do with the placing of those gifts there.

And this but brings me to the subject of my sketch. He is surely but one more example to demonstrate that for which I contend, that the spark of fire, called life, is but a ray of light shining within that burned with even greater radiance before it took upon it mortal form. The gifts so lavishly bestowed upon him came not from an earthly source, nor from any effort put forth by him here. They were his by right, because of that which he

had achieved before his feet turned to earth in the upward path of his development.

To all intents and purposes he was a mere child, only seventeen, and in the beauty and purity of his life he retained much of the loveliness of an unspoiled child. But with this innocence was combined a strength of character, a resolute courage, and an



BATES' MODEL OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

enduring faith, such as is seldom seen in even older and wiser ones. For some time before his death, about three years, he knew that the sword of Damocles hung over him, that in very truth his life hung by a thread. Yet his cheerful, happy spirit was not overshadowed by this knowledge, and even when bowed by suffering, which was often the case, no complaining word or petulant outburst against a fate so seemingly unkind ever marred the sweet serenity of his soul. I may add that it was during this time of almost constant suffering that the spirit of his genius found definite expression.

It may truly be said that he was one of the Lord's chosen ones. From earliest childhood he had ever loved the beautiful, particularly things beautiful, because of purity of line. But it was in his fifteenth year that the power within began to manifest itself in tangible form. During his last year in the grades he began to mold and the results, so much better than the usual run of eighth grade work, attracted instant attention, and some special effort was applied to its development. The next fall he entered high school and every aid and encouragement possible was given him.

The work was often interrupted by ill-health and all the time he was under medical supervision; strict rules, covering all his activities, being followed. Where one might have expected rebellion, or at least complaint, for all of the activities of a keen, life-loving boy were interdicted, there was only a cheerful acquiescence to the inevitable. And here we find an index to his character: there were no excuses for not playing ball, running, jumping or taking part in the usual sports of boyhood. He just did not do them, yet thereby lost none of the interest in the life of the boy friends around him. As I look back upon it, I marvel how he

managed it so well. Physically, he appeared to be a vigorous, healthy, growing boy, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes; the dangerous heart lesion, unheralded by any outward sign, worked its deadly will within. The type one would place as a leader in athletics, he put this all behind him with smiling lips, and did with his might, yes beyond his might, what he could do.

And what he could do was an inspiration in itself. He had no training to all intents, the modeling in the eighth grade, one year in high school, where he carried on most of the studies of the year, and part of the following year in high school, was all the time devoted to his art. This was not continuous, as sickness often compelled him to lay the work aside. That he achieved notable results can not be denied; after his first year in high school, he took two first prizes at the state fair in the student division; but his actual achievements are only the faintest foreshadowings of the promise he gave, had he but been spared to bring it to full fruition.

The Indian heads he himself composed without models. Those of President Brigham Young and President Wilson were



MODELS BY JOHN A. BATES

worked out from photographs. President Wilson thought so highly of his own that he wrote a personal letter of encouragement to the young sculptor. The bust was taken from life and the Venus de Milo from a model. This was his last work. While putting the finishing touches on it and preparing the mold he contracted the illness which terminated fatally.

His life was replete with heroic endeavor; he made much of small opportunities and little of great obstacles; he smiled at infirmity and plucked unscathed the rose of achievement, amid the thorns of adverse circumstances.

Young man, when you feel you can do no more, when the forces of defeat surge around you, think of John Bates, remember what he did and how he did it; pray for like determination and courage, and there will be little you righteously desire in life that you cannot attain.



AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING

The Bishops in the Primitive Church

BY A. A. RAMSEYER

The English word *bishop* is derived from the Greek word *Episkopos*, which means an overseer, a superintendent. This shows at once that the calling of a bishop is entirely different from that of an apostle, which in Greek means one that is sent forth, *viz.*, to testify of Christ and preach the gospel. In these latter days, the Lord considered the office of a bishop of such importance that Edward Partridge was chosen and appointed as the first bishop of the Church, as early as February, 1831, four years before the quorum of Twelve apostles was organized. Do not forget, however, that Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer were apostles, even before the Church was organized, for they are called such in section 18 (v. 9), given in June, 1829 (see also sections 21 and 27); therefore, the apostleship did precede the bishopric in the modern as well as in the primitive Church of Jesus Christ.

It would be very interesting to know whether Christ chose bishops as well as apostles during his earthly career. If he did, the New Testament gives us no information on this subject; but Chrysostom informs us that James, the Lord's brother, who was the first bishop of Jerusalem, and consequently the first bishop in the primitive Church, was made bishop by Christ himself; while Jerome says that the apostles ordained him immediately after the Lord's crucifixion. The author of the *Apostolic Constitution* says that James was made bishop both by Christ and his apostles. This may have happened between the crucifixion and the ascension of our Lord. But all ancient ecclesiastical writers agree on this fact, that James, the Lord's brother, was the first bishop of Jerusalem.

This fact, proven by the unanimous testimony of numerous ancient writers, and the fact that the New Testament mentions that there were bishops during the life and ministry of the apostles, evidently ordained by the latter (for the apostles were first ordained), shows the folly of those who presumptuously claim for the bishops the same authority as the apostles possessed. When Judas' place among the Twelve became vacant, another disciple, Matthias, was chosen, ordained and added to the eleven apostles, to fill the quorum of the Twelve; Matthias was not ordained a bishop; he was ordained an apostle; "and he was numbered with the eleven apostles" (Acts 1:26).

About 63 A. D., James, the Lord's brother, was martyred by the Jews; according to Eusebius, and the author of the apostolical constitutions, the apostles and the disciples met together and selected Simeon, son of Cleopas, our Savior's cousin, as James' successor in the bishopric of Jerusalem. He must have remained in this office at least until 70 A. D., the year of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. If Peter had selected a bishop to succeed him, at the head of the Church, he certainly would have chosen James' successor, a kin of the Lord. Remember, too, that Peter was martyred, A. D. 67, three years before the destruction of Jerusalem. Remember, too, that Peter never showed any sign of being an autocrat, in the first general council of the Church held at Jerusalem, A. D. 49, Peter did not give his judgment alone, but heard all who had anything to say, and they concurred in his decision, *viz.*, not to lay any unnecessary burden upon the gentiles.

Roman Catholics claim Peter as the first bishop of Rome, having before been the first bishop of Antioch; a paltry honor for the man whose privilege it was to preside over the whole Church in his office of chief of the apostles! Who would care to exchange that exalted office for a minor one? Besides, the Church was not then broken up into sections, provinces and cities, but was yet a whole body; it was the bride of Christ; Peter was a far more important personage than the bishop of Rome or of Antioch, or of any other city. Further, our Catholic friends are in a very sad plight about the succession of Peter, as they have no less than three different lists of the first bishops of Rome; Eusebius quotes them as follows: Linus, then Anacletus, third Clemens, fourth Evaristus. Anastasius' list reads: 1. Linus; 2. Cletus; 3. Clemens; 4. Anacletus; 5. Evarestus. According to the Liberian Catalogues the bishops were: 1. Linus; 2. Clemens; 3. Cletus; 4. Anacletus; 5. Evarestus. So that the chain of succession is of unequal strength, the first links being exceedingly weak.

This difference in the succession of the bishops of Rome has been explained in this manner: "That Linus and Anacletus died whilst St. Peter lived, and that Clemens was ordained their successor by St. Peter also. So that we have two or three persons, by this account, ordained successively bishops of Rome by the hands of the apostles."* If this is true, it takes away another big prop from under the scaffolding put up to support the claims of Rome.

The strongest argument against the claims of the bishops of Rome is this: Peter, James and John were the chief apostles;

*Bingham, "Antiquities of the Christian Church," Book II, chap. I. This is an excellent work, full of precious information about the Primitive Church..

those taken into the confidence of our Lord; those whom Paul called pillars (Gal. 2:9); these three presided over the Church, Peter being the chief. James, the son of Zebedee, was martyred about 43 A. D.; Peter, A. D. 67; his death left one of the three pillars, *viz.*, John, who was still living A. D. 96, when, after the death of the emperor Domitian, he returned to Ephesus. To John, the beloved apostle, belonged the honor to preside over the Church of Christ, after the death of Peter, and not to an obscure, minor officer of the Church, the bishop of Rome.

The Word of Wisdom and Science

BY J. M. JENSEN, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

In 1833, the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith "A Word of Wisdom" for "the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days."¹ The following passages are quoted therefrom:

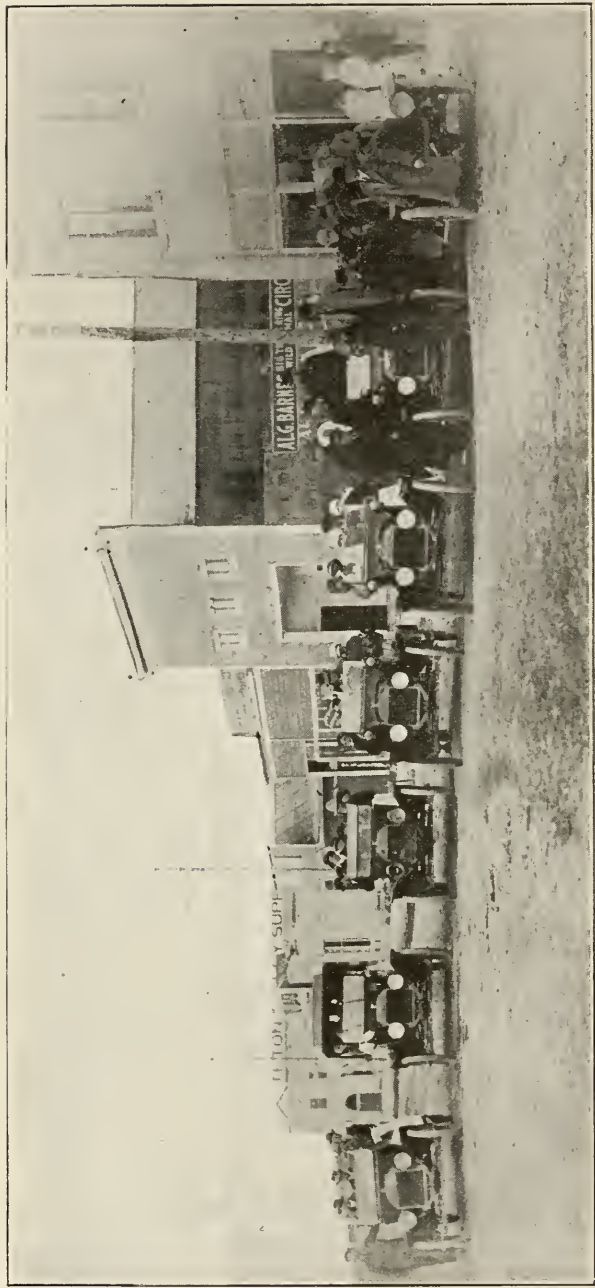
"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither mete in the site of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him."

"And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

It will be noted that no exception is made in favor of drinking strong drink as a heart stimulant or otherwise in case of illness. Skeptics sometimes assert that Revelation has never given a scientific truth to the world, but this is an illustration of Revelation antedating science by many years. Here is the latest scientific thought on the matter, quoted from Volume I, *Practical Medical Series*, 1915, edited by Frank Billings, M. S., M. D., Head of Medical Department and Dean of Faculty of Rush Medical College, and J. H. Salisbury, A. M., M. D., Professor of Medicine of Illinois Post Graduate Medical School:

"Alcohol is no longer considered a heart tonic, and has well nigh lost its right to a place in a sane pharmacopeia. Just as pneumonia in the alcoholic is in the great majority of instances a fatal process, so the use of alcohol in the treatment of pneumonia constitutes a paradox of effort that is difficult to understand on any other ground than one of ignorance. Alcohol is a heart muscle poison and a blood vessel vasomotor paralyzant [blood vessel paralyzer]. Both of these forces we wish to preserve and not destroy. Therefore, after many hundreds of years, filled with object demonstrations so plain that they stare us in the face, WE ARE RELUCTANTLY BEGINNING TO CEASE TEACHING OUR PATIENTS WELL NIGH INCURABLE DRUG HABITS UNDER THE GUISE OF BENEFICIAL TREATMENT."

It is more than 82 years since God's revelation was given; science has therefore been somewhat of a laggard in this matter.



READY TO START

The Teton Stake M. I. A. contestants, Driggs, Idaho, used eight automobiles May last to take part in District No. 4 contests. Seven are shown in the picture; the eighth went on the day previous as a pilot over the fifty-mile road to the place of contest. The eight stakes of the district took a lively part, and Teton came out with twenty-two points in its favor, just a few ahead of any of the others. The contestants in story-telling, public speaking, boys' and girls' choruses, and the double mixed quartet are all there—forty-two all told. The expense for the autos alone was one hundred sixty dollars. Their good and instructive time, however, they declare, was worth it. Teton not only made good in contests, but stood especially well in class work, attendance, ERA subscriptions, and some other activities. Superintendent Albert Choules and President Sadie P. Hulet and their able assistants, freely supported by the stake presidency, are working hard to make the present season even more successful than last, as their well-attended and successful convention held September 5, in Driggs, indicated.



VIEWS OF THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO

Top: The great organ, in the extreme right, as seen from the Tower. Here the Ogden Tabernacle Choir sang. Center: The Lily Pond. Bottom: The Lagoon of Flowers.

Editors' Table

"Jesus the Christ"

This book, by Dr. James E. Talmage, is not only a new book, but a new Church work, in that it brings together and presents, for the first time, in orderly and connected sequence the holy scriptures of all ages and peoples relating to the Savior and Redeemer of mankind.

The title page is expressive and impressive: *Jesus the Christ, A Study of the Messiah and His Mission according to Holy Scriptures both Ancient and Modern*. Among the distinguishing characteristics of the work—characteristics that make it in truth unique, is the application of modern revelation—of the scriptures peculiar to the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times—to the interpretation of the Messiah's mission.

Many important and indeed valuable works dealing with the Life of Christ have issued from the pens of learned theologians, and countless commentaries on particular incidents or phases of the great subject have been published; but all such productions have been based on human interpretation of the holy writ of ancient times. The work now before us turns the light of later revelation, and this, as the author incisively affirms, like "a powerful and well-directed beam, illumines many dark passages of ancient construction."

The work may be said to be a treatment of Jesus the Christ and His appointed mission in the eternities past and throughout the eternities to come, as made known by Himself in sacred writ and authoritative revelation. The author thus cogently expresses his conception of the appropriateness of his work:

"It is particularly congruous and appropriate that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the only Church that affirms authority based on specific revelation and commission to use the Lord's Holy Name as a distinctive designation—should set forth her doctrines concerning the Messiah and His mission."

Practically all notable works heretofore published on the Life of Christ begin with a consideration of the birth of Mary's Babe in Bethlehem of Judea, or at most precede this treatment with a summary of the social and political conditions of the world in general, and of the Jewish people in particular, at the time of the great event. The author of *Jesus the Christ* brings prominently to the front the antemortal existence of the Firstborn among the sons of God, and makes plain, on the basis of scriptural proof,

that the then future Savior and Redeemer of mankind was chosen and ordained to His great mission before the earth was made ready as a habitation of the human race.

It is further demonstrated that in His antemortal or pre-existent state, the Firstborn among the begotten spirit children of God the Eternal Father—the Being who was named in the heavens and afterward known as a Man among men, Jesus Christ—was the Word of Power through whom the Father directed the work of creation; and that Jesus Christ, therefore, is rightly designated the Creator.

Before taking upon Himself a body of flesh He was with the Father, and inferior to the Father alone in station, power, and authority, in matters relating to the world and its prospective family or race of mankind.

As definitely affirmed and conclusively proved, Jesus Christ was the God who gave commandment to the antediluvians, from Adam to Noah; the God who made covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the God who revealed Himself to Moses; the God of Israel as a united nation; the God of the divided kingdoms of Judah and Israel, and the God to whom were offered the countless sacrifices on Israelitish altars; in short, the great I AM—JEHOVAH Himself.

A comprehensive analysis of the prophecies and predictions relating to the earthly birth of the Savior, from the revelations given to Adam down to the annunciation of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin of Nazareth, is followed by the narrative of the Savior's life and ministry in the flesh. This part of the work from the birth to the crucifixion occupies twenty-eight of the forty-two chapters comprised within the book. This section may with propriety be called, "The Life of Christ." In it the wondrous story is told with the impressive conciseness so characteristic of the writings of Dr. Talmage, who employs, here as in all his writings, eloquently descriptive yet impressively simple language.

From the visualized word pictures of the "Babe of Bethlehem," and the "Boy of Nazareth," the reader is led on to a consideration of the Savior's ministry, from His baptism at the hands of John, down to the last triumphant utterance from the cross.

Every parable, every miracle specifically recorded, every doctrinal principle, and every important lesson taught by Jesus Christ while in the flesh, are cited and analyzed.

Between the accounts of our Lord's crucifixion and His bodily resurrection from the dead, appears a chapter peculiar to this work, entitled, "In the Realm of Disembodied Spirits," in which the ministry of the Christ among the dead is explained, in the place to which it belongs, according to chronological sequence.

Following the ascension from Olivet comes a splendid summary of the most important features of the "Apostolic Ministry,"

with prominence given to the manifestations of the resurrected and glorified Christ during that period.

The ministry of the Lord Jesus on the western hemisphere is given due attention; and this topic is followed by a short but intensive chapter on "The Long Night of Apostasy," as a preparation for the treatment of the glorious events of modern times.

What the author designates as "the greatest theophany of the ages"—the personal appearing of God the Eternal Father and His Son Jesus Christ, to Joseph Smith—is comprehensively set forth; and the restoration of the priesthood to earth, together with the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ, is described and on scriptural evidence affirmed.

The assured nearness of the Lord's second advent, the millennial reign of Christ on earth, and the celestial consummation of the Savior's mission, in the final vanquishment of Satan and death, constitute the closing section of the work.

As readers of the ERA are already aware, the First Presidency of the Church issued an official announcement of this work before it had left the press. As explained therein the author undertook the work under appointment from the general authorities of the Church, and the book is published by the Church. The book is commended by the First Presidency as follows:

"We desire that the work, *Jesus the Christ*, be read and studied by the Latter-day Saints, in their families, and in the organizations that are devoted wholly or in part to theological study. We commend it especially for use in our Church schools, as also for the advanced theological classes in Sunday Schools and priesthood quorums, for the instruction of our missionaries, and for general reading."

The book is of superior quality, printed in large-sized type, on good paper, and is bound in half leather, a well-made home production throughout.

Except the introduction, each chapter is followed by a series of notes for the use of students, and abundant footnotes throughout the volume greatly extend its usefulness by the ease with which readers may find the scriptures bearing on the several topics discussed. The table of contents is extensive and presents in analytical form the body of subject matter.

The unusually large and well arranged index will be much appreciated by students. But aside from these aids to study, the text in the eight hundred or more pages of the book itself is presented as a continuous story of entrancing interest, from the first page to the last.

The Close of Volume Eighteen

We express our appreciation to our many M. I. A. and literary friends, and to our subscribers, who have made it possible

to present to the reading public such a valuable volume of the ERA as that which ends with this number. The co-operation of the Priesthood quorums and Church schools with the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. and with the members of the Church in general have made possible what we have done. Without the blessings of the Lord and the co-operation and aid of these institutions, organizations, and people, it could not have been accomplished. We are grateful for divine assistance, and extend to our friends our sincere thanks and gratitude. We solicit their assistance for volume 19, beginning in November, and can assure our subscribers that every effort will be put forth by the editors and the management to keep up the high standard of the magazine, and to make improvements and betterments wherever possible.

Volume 19 will be made as valuable in all its departments, divisions and contents as the best talent obtainable can make it. The Priesthood quorums will receive especial attention, as well as the activities of the priesthood in the wards and stakes of Zion. President Smith remains as editor in chief of the ERA, and will continue to contribute to its columns from time to time.

One new feature which we hope to introduce during the new year will be the publication of short, pertinent papers, dealing with religious topics, doctrinal and theological, and especially subjects which will comprehend that subtle religious power that touches the emotions and lies at the basis of all worthy action. Many people are beginning to partake of a spirit so prevalent throughout the land, which absorbs the materialistic rather than the inspiring emotional. In the necessary scramble for material advancement and intellectual progress there is a dearth of faith and sentiment such as have always been at the foundation of great deeds and achievements in the past. These short sketches are intended to exalt religion and sentiment, and will be prepared in a readable and attractive manner by the best writers obtainable. We especially invite short and pointed papers in this line—good samples are found in this number in "The Temptation of Christ," and "The Lost Chord."

Our late story contest brought out much talent among the story writers, and for the coming volume from January to June, the ERA will provide at least one story each month of the best that can be obtained, our purpose being to delight as well as instruct those who are fond of good home stories, and to encourage local writers. Good stories will appear each month, the year round.

In the department of Mutual Improvement work the various committees laboring on the General Board will present, from month to month, instructions and presentations of methods and facts intended to help the officers of our organization in their work and to make their arduous duties a pleasure. Contributions

from successful stake M. I. A. workers will appear, showing how Mutual work can be made to "go."

The Church schools will be represented by the best literature that can be obtained from the leading writers engaged in teaching.

We promise our readers the full worth of good reading for their money, even as in the past.

Either the senior or the junior manual is given as a premium. The former treats "Conditions of Success," and the latter contains fifteen "Lessons on Success." They are both worthy a place in every home, and aside from serving as texts for teachers, are especially suitable for Home Evening study and for general reading and instruction.

We are grateful for the blessings of the past, and pray that the Lord may aid the work now and in the future. We ask that our brethren and sisters will co-operate with us in making the ERA a means of pleasure and profit to the people and to our axiliary organizations. To this end we invite the co-operation and aid of all who are interested in first-class literature. Our aim is the advancement of the work of the Lord, the welfare of the youth of Zion, and the building up of the Church of Christ upon the earth.

The Secret of Success

Attention is called to a letter appearing in this number of the ERA under the title, "The Sigh of the Weary." In it young men will find pertinent thought for serious reflection. It is the decision of a son who had asked and reluctantly received the consent of his parents to mortgage their home to invest the proceeds in certain speculation.

There is much leaning upon others in this world, and some young men in our community are no exceptions. They often bear very heavily upon father and mother. They look to them to meet their expenses which are often out of all reason. They depend upon father for their schooling, and their start in business. These items of expense appear to be of little importance to them, but in reality they are often the cause of great anxiety, care, toil and effort upon the part of the parents. To a youth there is nothing more helpful in the building of his character than being independent, than the feeling that he is making his own way, treading his own path, overcoming his own difficulties, making things go on his own account.

Both the senior and the junior manuals this season treat upon success,—the former, on conditions of success; and the latter, in story form, on the meaning of success and the character traits necessary in achieving it.

In the senior manual for this year there is a symposium

from leading Churchmen, educators, scientists, and successful men of the world, answering the question, "What is Success?" In the fourteen pages of matter there are answers from the Presidency of the Church, a number of the apostles, and the first Council of Seventy, State and Church educators, business men, superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A., and prominent professional men. Among national characters who have kindly contributed may be mentioned David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University; Colonel George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal; Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole; A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, poet and author; A. A. Michelson; Samuel Gompers, the labor leader; "Billy" Sunday, the evangelist; Cyrus E. Dallin, the sculptor; Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, and others.

The remarkable thing is that in nearly all the answers this one great thought is emphasized—it is not success unless he who has made the achievement has rendered and does render service not only to himself but to others. We take the privilege of quoting two sentiments:

"In reply to your letter of the 14th instant, success to me means the achievement of something of benefit to others as well as to the individual. And it should be recognized that even if success is not attained, the result of the effort to attain it is important—to deserve success is second in importance only to achieving it."—George W. Goethals, Builder of the Panama Canal.

"To your question, What is success? I reply in the words of Jesus, 'Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' Success consists in rendering service to the world. The way for any individual to be great is to render the best service which he, with his temperament, education, and position, can render to the community and the age in which he lives."—Lyman Abbott, Editor of "The Outlook."

That is what we wish to impress upon our young readers. The son, in "The Sigh of the Weary," rendered a service to his parents which was quite as great in a negative sense as if he had accomplished some object positively. To succeed one must be independent as far as one can, make one's own way, and give service to others rather than crave help from them. In this way we succeed; in this course we gain happiness and contentment, and feel free.

The youth of Zion may receive great comfort and strength for their tasks in the story of the lives of the early settlers of this community. Here were men and women who fought their own battles, who made their own way, looked for no easy positions and places, no favors; but who, with strong strokes of muscle and thought, in faith and toil, cleared each his personal road to success.

This is one of the lessons we shall learn from the Manuals,

from the symposium of leading men, and from the letter to which reference is made: Be not a leaner but a doer and a lifter. Be not one unto whom service must be rendered, or who expects and is always looking for a lift, but rather be a man determined to render active, loving service. Herein lies true success.

Messages from the Missions

[Important messages breathing the spirit of the gospel, faith-promoting, extraordinary, or unusual, are solicited from the elders. Be brief and to the point and send pictures of action.—EDITORS.]

Healed through the Power of the Lord

Elders Joseph A. Mortensen and Gustav Drechsel, Macon, Georgia, September 3: "There are about forty members of the Church here and several investigators. We hold several cottage meetings each week, Sunday School every Sunday, and evening services. During the short time we have been here we have disposed of four books of Mormon and one hundred and twenty-five other books such as 'The Voice of Warning,' 'Mr. Durrant,' 'Brief History of the Church,' 'Rays of Living Light,' etc., in addition to many tracts. Recently the elders were called in to administer to a person who was very ill. After the administration the pain and sickness left, and he has been bearing testimony that he was healed through the power of the Lord, through obedience to the ordinance of administration, taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A large number of friends were present at a funeral we held here, August 24, over a member of the Church who died. They came to learn the way that the peculiar 'Mormons' taught the resurrection, and many left with a better idea concerning 'Mormonism' than they had heretofore had."

Learning to Appreciate One's Parents

Elder H. Leroy Frisby, Leicester, England, August 24: "We have thirteen elders in the conference at the present time, but ere long our



number will be greatly reduced by the brethren returning home. Elders in the portrait, left to right: Samuel C. Gerrard, Charles J. Smith, H. Leroy Frisby, Ernest E. Greenwood (conference president), George

S. Ballif. Street preaching has been one of the most important features of our work this summer. Many are very prejudiced towards the 'Mormons' and often refuse to accept our tracts. We are, however, determined to get the true side of 'Mormonism' before the people, and open-air meetings have proved to be of great value to us in this work. Words cannot express the joy and satisfaction that we feel after one of these meetings. It is then that we are most grateful to our Heavenly Father for the light of the gospel and for the good and noble parents that bless us. It is then that we feel we are doing at least a little towards delivering the great, dear, gospel message. If there is a place on earth that will make a young man appreciate his parents, and what they have done for him, it is in the mission field. Not only have they clothed and fed us, but they have instilled within us a sense of duty and right, and have taught us the sweet gospel message of salvation."

Change of Presidency in Japan

On the 24th of July, 1915, Elder H. Grant Ivins, of Salt Lake City, who for two and a half years acted as president of the Japanese mission, (his separation from home was close on to five years) sailed



Left: Retiring President H. Grant Ivins;
right: Incoming President Joseph H. Stimpson

from Yokohama bound for Zion. His work here has been unexcelled. During the two years that he labored as an ordinary missionary, he gained the love of the elders and Saints to such an extent that in their minds there was only one candidate for president, Elder Ivins. During the two and a half years that he labored as president, he gained the love and respect of those under him, and the missionaries and the Saints came to him for both spiritual and personal advice. He set before all people with

whom he came in contact such an example of manhood that it brought the best that was in them to the surface. His whole heart and soul was in his work, and before he sailed away from fair Nippon, he had not only made numerous friends, translated the "Articles of Faith" by Talmage, into Japanese but had gained such high esteem from the natives that his name will always be held dear, as a remembrance of the highest manhood.

Elder Joseph H. Stimpson, of Ogden, who succeeded President Ivins as president of the mission is a man whose whole life has been spent in the work of the Lord. Previous to Elder Stimpson being called to the Presidency he had already filled a five and a half years mission in Japan, during which time he had gained an excellent knowledge of the language. President Stimpson will be a great boost to the Japan mission. He shoulders his new duty with a perfect knowledge of the needs and requirements that he must face. He has gained

the love and esteem of all the elders and Saints, and enters upon his duties with their faith and prayers. J. VERNON ADAMS, Tokyo, Japan.

Aged Twin Brothers Baptized

Elder Paul B. Talmage, Philadelphia, Pa., August 27: "Baptismal service was held at Towanda, Pa., July 17, at which four members were added to the Church. President Arrington, of the East Pennsylvania conference, and Elders E. W. Stucki, Simpson Roper and Paul B. Talmage were present. This is the second baptismal service held at this place, this summer. All are greatly encouraged with the results of the work done in that vicinity. There were several investigators at the service, and many are at nearly all our meetings held there. The Saints hope to own their own meeting-house in Towanda before long. I enclose the picture of twin brothers who were baptized, and who are in their seventy-third year. Brother Delanson Fenner (on the right) has had the elders live with him for twenty years, whenever they have been in Towanda. His wife has been a member for sixteen years, but he has waited until his brother, Orlando Fenner (on the left), was ready to join also."



Died in the Service of the Lord.

Elder Albert Lester Wilkes, of Salt Lake City, died August 28, 1915, in a hospital in Honolulu, of blood poisoning, according to a cablegram from President S. E. Woolley to the First Presidency. Elder Wilkes is the son of Albert Wilkes, manager of the Utah Photo Materials Company, Salt Lake City. Elder Wilkes left for his Hawaiian mission on May 7, 1913. He was born in this city May 14, 1894, and was educated in the city schools. He was a bright and promising young man, and had enjoyed excellent health while on his mission, until the sickness which took him away. He had written regularly every week to his parents, giving an account of his health and his labors, and the last letter was received just a week before they received word of his death. His funeral was held in the Ensign ward chapel Sunday, September 12.

First Chinaman Baptized

J. Leonard Davis, secretary of the Tahitian mission, writes, June 24: "The Tahiti headquarters are located 3,600 miles southwest of San Francisco in the center of the Pacific. It is the beauty spot of the South sea. The climate is ideal at all seasons of the year. All missionaries here stand at the head of the different branches and confer-



ences and have to rely to a great extent upon their own judgment as to the wants of the people in the islands over which they preside. Hence, when they leave this field they have developed qualities fitting them for any position required of them in the Church at home. At our last conference, which was not as well attended as usual owing to the war in Europe, two native brethren were advanced in the Priesthood, and we baptized the first Chinaman in this mission. Great interest in the work was taken by both old and young. The people closed with their usual feast, consisting of twenty pigs baked whole in their native ovens, two barrels of flour baked into bread with native poi and fish. Until lately we have had only few friends in Papeete, but since tracting the town systematically, both among the natives and French people, we have found many new friends and are finding more every day. We have sold a number of Books of Mormon and loaned others to those who expressed a desire to read the book. Elders of Papeete and Hikueru branches, standing: Otto Stocks, Lewiston, Utah; J. Leonard Davis, Blackfoot, Idaho; S. Albert Shaw, North Ogden; sitting, President Ernest C. Rossiter and wife, Salt Lake City. Elders Ervin Pearson and William Orton, laboring in Takaroa conference, were unable to be present.

Why a Mission is Good for Women

Sister Edna Crowther, doing missionary work in East Pennsylvania conference, writes: "I believe the missionary movement among the women will be of untold value, causing the young women to realize the position which they hold in this the living Church of Jesus Christ, in the dispensation of the fulness of times. Missionary experiences will make our women of tomorrow better fitted for the duties that devolve upon them, by becoming spiritual aids to their husbands and giving an incentive to their children to understand the glorious gospel and live in sympathy with the great work of the future toward the preparation of this continent for the coming of our Lord and Master. Why should not our magazines which represent the women do something to encourage our women in the mission field and show the work that is being accomplished by women missionaries? It is clear to me that they should have a missionary section in their magazines."

[The ERA will be glad to hear from the ladies; give us some faith-promoting incidents; or unusual experiences, showing the blessings of the Lord in your efforts.—EDITORS.]

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Suggestive Outlines for Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

LESSON 36.

(Chapter XXXII; first six paragraphs.)

Problem: Name some of the testimonies showing the gift of healing to exist in our Church?

Relate two or three incidents of healing that you know of.

Study the assignment.

What conditions brought on the sickness among the Saints? How could those conditions be improved? Who saw the gift of healing manifested through the Prophet? How quickly were many made well? Relate two or three incidents of healing performed by our Savior when he lived on the earth. Compare also with the gift of healing among the Former-day Saints. See Acts 5:12-16.

Answer the problem of the lesson.

LESSON 37.

(Chapter XXXII, paragraphs 7-11. See also paragraph 9 of chapter XXXIII.)

Problem: What should we who have the gospel and the Priesthood do for others?

State three or four things which made it possible for you to become a member of the Church. What made it possible for you to have the priesthood conferred on you? What reward did they receive who taught you the gospel and conferred on you the priesthood? Why are the gospel and the priesthood among your greatest gifts?

Study the assignment.

Under what circumstances were the Twelve called on missions? (See last paragraph, p. 161.) In what circumstances financially was the Church at this time? Why? What were the apostles paid for carrying the gospel to England? How far did they have to go? Compare the time it took them to go then and the time it requires now. Relate some of the sacrifices the Twelve made to take the gospel to England. Taking the missionary work of the Twelve in the lesson as an example, answer the problem.

LESSON 38.

(Chapter XXXIII.)

Problem: How should men who have authority given them use it?

Tell how a governor of a state gets his office. Also how a president of the United States is chosen. What oath of office does each take? How do bishops and presidents of stakes get their authority? How did the presidency of your quorum get their office and authority?

Study the lesson.

For what rights of the "Mormons" did the Prophet make claims before the President of the United States? What answers did President Van Buren make to the Prophet's claims? What answers do you think he should have made? Why? What reasons did the president give for his answers?

Why did the governor of Missouri try to re-arrest the Prophet and some of his brethren? Show why the attempt was unjust. For what kind of men was the charter of Nauvoo made? Because of the troubles which the "Mormons" had had, what kind of a charter would you think they might make?

Mutual Work

Stake Work

Three Important Items.

For the monthly stake meeting in October three big points stand out that should have attention under item five in the order of business, (p. 8, "Hand Book") "new instructions." They are: "Organization and Membership" (H. B., pp. 19-26); the opening entertainment when the Fund is to be raised ("H. B.," 111-112); and the canvass for the ERA, the method for which is set forth in detail in the "Hand Book" on pages 109-111. Let us get through with this work right, and we have a good start for the year.

M. I. A. in Australia

Raymond Kneale, president of the Y. M. M. I. A., Melbourne, Australia, reports the M. I. A. work still progressing in those quarters. The mission quarters have been moved to a large place on the main thoroughfare where they have a comfortable hall. "Our work is very interesting. The average attendance is forty to forty-one. A few weeks back we had a special night and had an attendance of sixty-four, a great encouragement. The great war affects everybody, and Australia, being a part of the British empire, is very loyal and is making great endeavors to assist the mother country. Our soldiers are proving themselves worthy of their names at the Dardanelles. Great recruiting campaigns are being held. It takes the spirit of the gospel to refrain a young man from going abroad in defense of freedom. I pray that the Lord will hasten on the time when peace and righteousness shall again be established. My heart is in the great latter-day work."

Class Study

The Teacher

"Class study, being the most important work in our organization, is the thread by which we hold the interest of young men, and is our leading activity."—Handbook, p. 26.

The heart of the weekly meeting is the class work. Success or failure of the meeting rests largely with the class leader or teacher. Teaching is an art that must be learned. One who desires to teach in the public schools of this state must have had four years of high school work, and then two years of special normal instruction and training and yet, many Mutual class leaders attempt to perform their work with little or no preparation. In such cases, the cause of class failure is no secret.

Three things the teacher should be: 1. The teacher should be regular in attendance. 2. The teacher should be punctual. 3. The teacher should be prepared.

The first two requirements are self-evident. Let us consider briefly the third. A teacher's preparation should consist of:

(1) A thorough knowledge of the text. No one can teach that which he himself does not know. A teacher cannot deceive a class as to his preparedness. Nothing demoralizes a class more than an exhibition of the teacher's ignorance of the lesson.

(2) A careful planning of the lesson. (See suggestions in the "Hand Book," page 26. Every Manual lesson is planned in its construction, having one central thought toward which every principle and illustration, given in the lesson, tends. In agreement with the lesson

plan, the teacher should also have an aim, and plan the development of the subject in hand to the aim in view. Knowledge of a subject or zeal in its presentation will not take the place of careful, intelligent planning. The general end in every lesson is the acquirement of knowledge and the development of power. Knowledge is given only by causing the proper activities of the learners' mind. It cannot be transmitted from one mind to another as water is poured from one vessel to another. The power developed should be of the mind, mental power, spiritual power, power to feel for, and will to work for the right.

(3) An acquaintance or knowledge of his class will aid the teacher in planning his lesson; a knowledge of the individuals of his class will help him in the conducting of his recitation—whom to encourage by skillful questions and whom to restrain from taking up too much time.

As to methods of teaching, three may be considered:

(1) When the teacher does it all: This is the lecture method, used largely in institutions of higher learning. It is successful only when the lecturer is an expert in his line and subject. It should be used with care in Mutual work.

(2) When the class does it all. The value of this method depends on the kind of people engaged in the discussion. If the members of the class are students of a high order, some unity may be preserved; but usually when the class is left without a guiding hand, the end in view is scattered to the four winds, and there is much useless talk.

(3) When the class and teacher divide the work. This is the best general method. The teacher, having in mind the end to be reached, never loses sight of it, but with skill directs the discussion along the lines of natural development to the end in view.

If possible the whole lesson should receive some treatment at each recitation. It is not possible to exhaust the subject in all its subdivisions in one or two lessons, but a briefer treatment of the lesson as a whole will leave a stronger and better impression than a more extended discussion of a few of its parts.

Athletic and Scout Work

A Ride Down Timpanogos Glacier

A very unique report was received by Commissioner Taylor from Charles De Graffe, stake scout master of the Wasatch stake. The several M. I. A. scout troops in that stake went on a "hike" to Mt. Timpanogos. The report was sent in on two pieces of birch bark. One sheet of bark was written upon with ink, and the other had been written with a sharp instrument. There were thirty-seven scouts who went on this trip with the stake scout master and with E. P. Clift and Lester Greenwood, as ward scout masters. Brother De Graffe, in his letter, says: "A more pleasant and big-hearted company it has never before been my pleasure to be out with. God speed the scout work, and raise up men of character and ambition to help the boys along." One of the exciting incidents of the trip was the sensational ride by the boys on their staves down the Timpanogos glacier.

A "Hike" to Bear Lake

The River Heights ward M. I. A. Scouts, of the Cache stake, started on their annual "hike" on the 9th of August. On the day before they left, they pitched their camp with all their equipment, provisions, etc., in the ward meetinghouse lot, where the parents and members of the ward were invited to come to assure themselves that the boys were going to be well taken care of during this trip. There

were fifteen in the company. The "hike" was made in four days to the east side of Bear Lake, by way of Franklin, Paris and Montpelier to Hot Springs. Each two boys had a tent of their own, and did their own cooking, and became experts at it. The whole hike covered about one hundred seven miles. Regular camp exercises were carried out, with flag salute, prayer by each boy in his turn, and a detailed program during the day. The return home was made by way of Blacksmith's Fork canyon. Scout Master J. Karl Wood, who had the boys in



SCENES ON THE WAY

Top: Boating on Bear Lake; "Aunt Jennie," and "Pusher," the raft; the boat was an old cast-away, rigged up by the Boys; the raft was built by them. Are boats of this class safe? Our motto must be "Safety First."—EDITORS.

Bottom: Camp Snoozer, Laketown, Utah, where the River Heights troop No. 1 camped. A beautiful location on the south end of Bear Lake, in a large cottonwood grove, and on the best beach of the lake.

charge, with Karl A. Kowallis of the Scout council, state that the "experience one gains on these trips is worth all the trouble and effort, and is of lasting benefit to the boys." The boys are already beginning to plan for their trip next year. The people on the route were very kind to them and provided for all their needs freely. They had generous hearts for the boys. The mess wagon which the boys took along was made up of pieces donated by the boys—one the gears, another the box, the harness, the horses, etc.

Passing Events

Submarine F-4, sunk at the Honolulu harbor, last March, was raised by pontoons on August 29 and brought to dry dock. A number of the twenty-two sailors who went down with the ill-fated vessel were recovered, and their bodies buried in the cemetery in Honolulu.

A joint Anglo-French financial commission of six members deputed by Great Britain and France to adjust the foreign exchange system in the United States, reached New York on the 10th of September. They will establish an exchange in the United States. It is reported that the Allies desire to borrow, in the United States, one thousand million dollars, on their bonds.

The Oregon Short Line reports that thirty thousand tourists entered the Yellowstone National Park through the western entrance, from June 15 to September 1, this year, and that the total number of people visiting the park between those dates was 40,000, an excess of 25,000 over any former season. This does not include those who entered privately in automobiles or other conveyances.

Gold shipments from England continued during September to arrive in the United States. On the 29th of August, twenty millions in British gold reached New York together with thirty-five millions in American securities. Later nearly one hundred and fifty millions of gold arrived in New York, and it was announced at the time that the American bankers were at a loss to know what to do with the accumulated gold.

The Mexican situation continued in its usual chaotic state during the month. On the 31st of August General Oroszco was shot by a posse of Texans following a raid on a ranch house on the Rio Grande, 150 miles east of El Paso. United States troops were ordered to the border to prevent uprisings. A number of marauding bands of Mexicans in various districts on the border were reported to carrying on pillaging expeditions.

Judge John A. Marshall, United States district judge for Utah, since February 4, 1896, resigned early in September, without giving any reason for his resignation which was accepted by the department of justice at Washington. Judge Marshall was born September 5, 1854, in Kentucky, and was admitted to the bar and came to Salt Lake City in 1878. He was probate judge of Salt Lake county in 1888-89, and a member of the state legislature in 1892. He received the appointment of district judge from President Grover Cleveland, in 1896.

Mrs. Bessie Dean Allison, wife of William Allison, former superintendent of the Ogden city schools, died in Ogden September 2, 1915. She was born at Morgan, Utah, October 15, 1867, and later removed to Salt Lake. She was a member of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir, for years and went to the World's Fair, with it in 1893. She has been a member of the Ogden Tabernacle choir ever since its reorganization. She went as a soloist to the Lewis & Clark exposition at Portland, to the Irrigation Congress at Sacramento, and also accompanied the Ogden Tabernacle choir on its trip last July, to the Exposition on the coast. She was one of Utah's noted singers.

Mutual Contest Music. To those who have had trouble in getting contest music it will be pleasant to learn that the Daynes-Beebe Music

Company, Salt Lake City, now have on hand a good supply of the M. I. A. music contest numbers:

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The Great War. The Germans continued their drive against the Russians in Poland, and some activities were begun by them in the Argonne district in France. The efforts of the French and English allies to pierce the Dardanelles were continued. On the sea a large number of ships were blown up by submarines. The relations between the United States and Germany became very strained, but were finally eased upon the promise of Germany not to torpedo any ships carrying American passengers without due warning. The difficulty of the Germans in living up to this promise, however, appears to have threatened new diplomatic ruptures between this country and Germany, during the latter part of September.

August 20.—Novogeorgievsk, the great Russian fortress at the confluence of the Narew and Vistula, was taken by the Germans who secured 85,000 Russians captives, 700 cannon, and much miscellaneous material of value.

August 21.—Italy declares war on Turkey, asserting Turkish attempts to stir open insurrections in Lybia.—Great Britain declares cotton to be absolute contraband.—Mrs. E. H. Harriman who owns the controlling interest in the McKeen Motor Company. Omaha, Nebraska, compelled the cancellation of a two years' contract for shrapnel.—The fortress of Brest-Litovsk on the east bank of the Bug river, a chief stronghold of the Russians, was taken by storm by General von Mackensen's army. A large number of prisoners were taken.

August 24.—Sweden protests to Germany against the shelling of a Swedish steamship, "Cuxhaven," carrying no contraband.—The Russian government suspends the Jewish pale which gives the Jews permission to reside anywhere in the empire except in Petrograd and Moscow and cities under the jurisdiction of the war ministry or imperial court. This is done pending the examination of the whole question.

August 25.—The first heavy snowfall occurred in the Alps, hindering war activities.—Gustav Klopsch, an employee of the Carnegie institute was arrested as a German spy in Washington. Photographs of defenses along the Atlantic coast were said to be found in his possession.

August 26.—The Russian war office stated that the Russian retreat has been conducted exactly in accordance with official plans. Two million more men have been called to the flag.

August 27.—French aviators bombarded the railroad station at Mullheim, Baden.—Several submarines were destroyed by British war ships at Zeebrugge, Belgium.

August 28.—Lipsk, twenty miles west of Grodno is captured by the Germans. The Russians are retreating rapidly in Galicia along a 125-mile front. Ten thousand prisoners have been taken by the Germans.

August 29.—Fierce fighting was reported in the Riga neighborhood. Berlin reports that the British forces in the Dardanelles have incurred heavy losses during the past two days on the Turkish positions.

August 30.—Galata bridge was shelled by submarines in the mercantile section of Constantinople causing a great panic.

August 31.—The Italians report success in the Strino valley.—Germany sends Roumania an ultimatum demanding an immediate passage through that country for Teutonic munitions for Constantinople.—The British federal inspectors at Falmouth discovered that James Archibald, an American war correspondent, was transporting official dispatches from Germans in the U. S. to the German government.—The British report their losses in shipping from submarine and other hostile attacks as sixty-eight steamers with a tonnage of 178,713, with nine sailing vessels.—The Belgium Relief Commission in London reports 2,750,000 persons in Belgium without resources for a livelihood. The harvest reserved for civilians is insufficient for less than half this number.—Alfons Pegoud, a French aviator, who demonstrated in 1914, that an airship may be flown upside down, and who first looped the loop in a flying machine, was killed in action.

September 1.—Martial law was abandoned in France outside of the military zone.—Since May 2, 1,100,000 Russians have been taken prisoners by the Germans, according to official report from Berlin, and the Russians have lost in the same time 300,000 men through casualties.—Count von Bernstorff announces to Secretary Lansing that Germany would sink no more liners without warning.

September 3.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg captured Grodno, the last of the strong Russian fortresses to hold out.

September 4.—The German army engaged in a battle for the possession of the Russian port of Riga and captured Friedrichstadt, taking thirty-seven officers and 3,325 men prisoners.—The Allan line steamer "Hesperian" was sunk, presumably by a German submarine, 150 miles off Queenstown, with 350 passengers and a crew of 300 bound for Montreal from Liverpool. Most were saved.

September 5.—The British steamer "Cymbeline," 4,405 tons gross, 370 feet long, plying between the United States and England was sunk. Six members of the crew were killed and six injured.

September 6.—A German torpedo boat destroyer was sunk in the sea of Marmora by an allied submarine.

September 7.—The Russian port of Riga on the Baltic was captured by the Germans, causing panic in Petrograd.

September 9.—The Germans attack the French lines in the Argonne region capturing the French positions over a front of two kilometers.—Twenty persons were killed and eighty-six injured in a German airship raid over the eastern counties of England and the London district.—Ambassador Penfield at Vienna was instructed to inform the Austro-Hungarian government that Dr. Constantine Dumba is no longer acceptable as an envoy to the United States, and to ask for his recall. Mr. Dumba is the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Washington who employed an American citizen named Archibald, traveling under an American passport, to carry plans to his government to instigate strikes in American manufacturing plants engaged in the munitions of war.

September 10.—Heavy fighting is reported in the Vosgos region in which the Germans are making use of apshyxiating shells and flaming liquids, according to dispatches from Paris.

September 11.—Petrograd announces a victory in southern Galicia in which Russians captured five thousand Germans.—Uninterrupted artillery fire continues along the entire French front in Argonne.—The French steamer, "Ville de Mostaganem" was sunk by gun fire from a German submarine.—The British steamship "Cornubia," 736 tons, was sunk.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, American minister at The Hague, stopped James F. Archibald at Rotterdam, and took up his passports and ordered him to report at the state department.

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